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DON ORSINO.<sup>1</sup>

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## CHAPTER XI.

DEL FERICE was surprised beyond measure at Orsino's request, and was not guilty of any profoundly nefarious intention when he so readily acceded to it. His own character made him choose as a rule to refuse nothing that was asked of him, though his promises were not always fulfilled afterwards. To express his own willingness to help those who asked was obviously not the same as asserting his power to give assistance when the time should come. In the present case he did not even make up his mind which of two courses he would ultimately pursue. Orsino came to him with a small sum of ready money in his hand. Del Ferice had it in his power to make him lose that sum, and a great deal more besides, thereby causing the boy endless trouble with his family; or else the banker could, if he pleased, help him to a very considerable success. His really superior talent for diplomacy inclined him to choose the latter plan, but he was far too cautious to make any hasty decision.

The brougham rolled on through quiet and ill-lighted streets, and Del Ferice leaned back in his corner, not listening at all to Orsino's talk, though he occasionally uttered a polite though utterly unintelligible syllable or two

which might mean anything agreeable to his companion's views. The situation was easy enough to understand, and he had grasped it in a moment. What Orsino might say was of no importance whatever, but the consequences of any action on Del Ferice's part might be serious and lasting.

Orsino stated his many reasons for wishing to engage in business, as he had stated them more than once already during the day and during the past weeks, and when he had finished he repeated his first question.

"Can you help me to try my luck?" he asked.

Del Ferice awoke from his reverie with characteristic readiness, and realised that he must say something. His voice had never been strong, and he leaned out of his corner of the carriage in order to speak near Orsino's ear.

"I am delighted with all you say," he began, "and I scarcely need repeat that my services are altogether at your disposal. The only question is, how are we to begin? The sum you mention is certainly not large, but that does not matter. You would have little difficulty in raising as many hundreds of thousands as you have thousands, if money were necessary. But in business of this kind the only ready money needed is for stamp-duty and for the wages of

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workmen, and the banks advance what is necessary for the latter purpose in small sums on notes of hand guaranteed by a general mortgage. When you have paid the stamp-duties, you may go to the club and lose the balance of your capital at baccarat if you please. The loss in that direction will not affect your credit as a contractor. All that is very simple. You wish to succeed, however, not at cards, but at business. That is the difficulty."

Del Ferice paused.

"That is not very clear to me," observed Orsino.

"No,—no," answered Del Ferice thoughtfully. "No,—I dare say it is not so very clear. I wish I could make it clearer. Speculation means gambling only when the speculator is a gambler. Of course there are successful gamblers in the world, but there are not many of them. I read somewhere the other day that business was the art of handling other people's money. The remark is not particularly true. Business is the art of creating a value where none has yet existed. That is what you wish to do. I do not think that a Saracinesca would take pleasure in turning over money not belonging to him."

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Orsino. "That is usury."

"Not exactly, but it is banking; and banking, it is quite true, is usury within legal bounds. There is no question of that here. The operation is simple in the extreme. I sell you a piece of land on the understanding that you will build upon it, and instead of payment you give me a mortgage. I lend you money from month to month in small sums at a small interest, to pay for material and labour. You are only responsible upon one point; the money is to be used for the purpose stated. When the building is finished you sell it. If you sell it for cash, you pay off the mortgage and receive the difference. If you sell it with the mortgage, the buyer becomes the mortgagor and only pays

you the difference which remains yours out and out. That is the whole process from beginning to end."

"How wonderfully simple!"

"It is almost primitive in its simplicity," answered Del Ferice gravely. "But in every case two difficulties present themselves, and I am bound to tell you that they are serious ones."

"What are they?"

"You must know how to buy in the right part of the city, and you must have a competent assistant. The two conditions are indispensable."

"What sort of an assistant?" asked Orsino.

"A practical man. If possible, an architect, who will then have a share of the profits instead of being paid for his work."

"Is it very hard to find such a person?"

"It is not easy."

"Do you think you could help me?"

"I do not know. I am assuming a great responsibility in doing so. You do not seem to realise that, Don Orsino."

Del Ferice laughed a little in his quiet way, but Orsino was silent. It was the first time that the banker had reminded him of the vast difference in their social and political positions.

"I do not think it would be very wise of me to help you into such a business as this," said Del Ferice cautiously. "I speak quite selfishly and for my own sake. Success is never certain, and it would be a great injury to me if you failed."

He was beginning to make up his mind.

"Why?" asked Orsino. His own instincts of generosity were aroused. He would certainly not do Del Ferice an injury if he could help it, nor allow him to incur the risk of one.

"If you fail," answered the other, "all Rome will say that I have intentionally brought about your failure. You know how people talk. Thousands will become millions, and I shall be

accused of having plotted the destruction of your family, because your father once wounded me in a duel nearly five and twenty years ago."

"How absurd!"

"No, no,—it is not absurd. I am afraid I have the reputation of being vindictive. Well, well,—it is in bad taste to talk of one's self. I am good at hating, perhaps, but I have always felt that I preferred peace to war, and now I am growing old. I am not what I once was, Don Orsino, and I do not like quarrelling. But I would not allow people to say impertinent things about me, and if you failed and lost money I should be abused by your friends and perhaps censured by my own. Do you see? Yes, I am selfish; I admit it. You must forgive that weakness in me. I like peace."

"It is very natural," said Orsino, "and I have no right to put you in danger of the slightest inconvenience. But, after all, why need I appear before the public?"

Del Ferice smiled in the dark. "True," he answered. "You could establish an anonymous firm, so to say, and the documents would be a secret between you and me and the notary. Of course there are many ways of managing such an affair quietly."

He did not add that the secret could only be kept so long as Orsino was successful. It seemed a pity to damp so much good enthusiasm.

"We will do that, then, if you will show me how. My ambition is not to see my name on a door-plate, but to be really occupied."

"I understand, I understand," said Del Ferice thoughtfully. "I must ask you to give me until to-morrow to consider the matter. It needs a little thought."

"Where can I find you, to hear your decision?"

Del Ferice was silent for a moment. "I think I once met you late in the afternoon at Madame d'Aranjuez's. We might manage to meet there to-morrow and come away together.

Shall we name an hour? Would it suit you?"

"Perfectly," answered Orsino with alacrity.

The idea of meeting Maria Consuelo alone was very disturbing in his present state of mind. He felt that he had lost his balance in his relations with her, and that in order to regain it he must see her in the presence of a third person, if only for a quarter of an hour. It would be easier, then, to resume the former intercourse and to say whatever he should determine upon saying. If she were offended she would at least not show it in any marked way before Del Ferice. Orsino's existence, he thought, was becoming complicated for the first time, and though he enjoyed the vague sensation of impending difficulty, he wanted as many opportunities as possible of reviewing the situation and of meditating upon each new move.

He got out of Del Ferice's carriage at no great distance from his own home, and after a few words of very sincere thanks walked slowly away. He found it very hard to arrange his thoughts in any consecutive order, though he tried several methods of self-analysis, and repeated to himself that he had experienced a great happiness and was probably on the threshold of a great success. These two reflections did not help him much. The happiness had been of the explosive kind, and the success in the business-matter was more than problematic, as well as certainly distant in the future.

He was very restless and craved the immediate excitement of further emotions, so that he would certainly have gone to the club that night, had not the fear of losing his small and precious capital deterred him. He thought of all that was coming and he determined to be careful, even sordid if necessary, rather than lose his chance of making the great attempt. Besides, he would cut a poor figure on the morrow if he were obliged to admit to Del Ferice that he had lost

his fifteen thousand francs and was momentarily penniless. He accordingly shut himself up in his own room at an early hour, and smoked in solitude until he was sleepy, reviewing the various events of the day, or trying to do so, though his mind reverted constantly to the one chief event of all, to the unaccountable outburst of passion by which he had perhaps offended Maria Consuelo beyond forgiveness. With all his affectation of cynicism he had not learned that sin is easy only because it meets with such very general encouragement. Even if he had been aware of that undeniable fact, the knowledge might not have helped him materially.

The hours passed very slowly during the next day, and even when the appointed time had come, Orsino allowed another quarter of an hour to go by before he entered the hotel and ascended to the little sitting-room in which Maria Consuelo received. He meant to be sure that Del Ferice was there before entering, but he was too proud to watch for the latter's coming, or to inquire of the porter whether Maria Consuelo were alone or not. It seemed simpler in every way to appear a little late.

But Del Ferice was a busy man and not always punctual, so that to Orsino's considerable confusion he found Maria Consuelo alone, in spite of his precaution. He was so much surprised as to become awkward, for the first time in his life, and he felt the blood rising in his face, dark as he was.

"Will you forgive me?" he asked, almost timidly, as he held out his hand.

Maria Consuelo's tawny eyes looked curiously at him. Then she smiled suddenly.

"My dear child," she said, "you should not do such things! It is very foolish, you know."

The answer was so unexpected and so exceedingly humiliating, as Orsino thought at first, that he grew pale and drew back a little. But Maria Consuelo took no notice of his

behaviour, and settled herself in her accustomed chair.

"Did you find Del Ferice last night?" she asked, changing the subject without the least hesitation.

"Yes," answered Orsino.

Almost before the word was spoken there was a knock at the door and Del Ferice appeared. Orsino's face cleared, as though something pleasant had happened, and Maria Consuelo observed the fact. She concluded, naturally enough, that the two men had agreed to meet in her sitting-room, and she resented the punctuality which she supposed they had displayed in coming almost together, especially after what had happened on the preceding day. She noted the cordiality with which they greeted each other and she felt sure that she was right. On the other hand she could not afford to show the least coldness to Del Ferice, lest he should suppose that she was annoyed at being disturbed in her conversation with Orsino. The situation was irritating to her, but she made the best of it and began to talk to Del Ferice about the speech he had made on the previous evening. He had spoken well, and she found it easy to be just and flattering at the same time.

"It must be an immense satisfaction to speak as you do," said Orsino, wishing to say something at least agreeable.

Del Ferice acknowledged the compliment by a deprecatory gesture. "To speak as some of my colleagues can,—yes,—it must be a great satisfaction. But Madame d'Aranjuez exaggerates. And, besides, I only make speeches when I am called upon to do so. Speeches are wasted in nine cases out of ten, too. They are, if I may say so, the music at the political ball. Sometimes the guests will dance, and sometimes they will not, but the musicians must try and suit the taste of the great invited. The dancing itself is the thing."

"Deeds not words," suggested

Maria Consuelo, glancing at Orsino, who chanced to be looking at her.

"That is a good motto enough," he said gloomily.

"Deeds may need explanation, after they are done," remarked Del Ferice, unconsciously making such a direct allusion to recent events that Orsino looked sharply at him, and Maria Consuelo smiled.

"That is true," she said.

"And when you need any one to help you, it is necessary to explain your purpose beforehand," observed Del Ferice. "That is what happens so often in politics, and in other affairs of life as well. If a man takes money from me without my consent, he steals, but if I agree to his taking it, the transaction becomes a gift or a loan. A despotic government steals, a constitutional one borrows or receives free offerings. The fact that the despot pays interest on a part of what he steals raises him to the position of the magnanimous brigand who leaves his victims just enough money to carry them to the nearest town. Possibly it is after all a quibble of definitions, and the difference may not be so great as it seems at first sight. But then, all morality is but the shadow cast on one side or the other of a definition."

"Surely that is not your political creed!" said Maria Consuelo.

"Certainly not, madame, certainly not," answered Del Ferice in gentle protest. "It is not a creed at all, but only a very poor explanation of the way in which most experienced people look upon the events of their day. The idea in which we believe is very different from the results it has brought about, and very much higher, and very much better. But the results are not all bad either. Unfortunately the bad ones are on the surface, and the good ones, which are enduring, must be sought in places where the honest sunshine has not yet dispelled the early shadows."

Maria Consuelo smiled faintly, and the slight cast in her eyes was more

than usually apparent, as though her attention were wandering. Orsino said nothing, and wondered why Del Ferice continued to talk. The latter, indeed, was allowing himself to run on because neither of his hearers seemed inclined to make a remark which might serve to turn the conversation, and he began to suspect that something had occurred before his coming which had disturbed their equanimity.

He presently began to talk of people instead of ideas, for he had no intention of being thought a bore by Madame d'Aranjuez, and the man who is foolish enough to talk of anything but his neighbours, when he has more than one hearer, is in danger of being numbered with the tormentors.

Half an hour passed quickly enough after the common chord had been struck, and Del Ferice and Orsino exchanged glances of intelligence, meaning to go away together as had been agreed. Del Ferice rose first, and Orsino took up his hat. To his surprise and consternation Maria Consuelo made a quick and imperative sign to him to remain. Del Ferice's dull blue eyes saw most things that happened within the range of their vision, and neither the gesture nor the look that accompanied it escaped him.

Orsino's position was extremely awkward. He had put Del Ferice to some inconvenience on the understanding that they were to go away together and did not wish to offend him by not keeping his engagement. On the other hand it was next to impossible to disobey Maria Consuelo, and to explain his difficulty to Del Ferice was wholly out of the question. He almost wished that the latter might have seen and understood the signal. But Del Ferice made no sign and took Maria Consuelo's offered hand in the act of leave-taking. Orsino grew desperate and stood beside the two, holding his hat. Del Ferice turned to shake hands with him also.

"But perhaps you are going too!" he said with a distinct interrogation.

Orsino glanced at Maria Consuelo as though imploring her permission to take his leave, but her face was impenetrable, calm and indifferent.

Del Ferice understood perfectly what was taking place, but he found a moment while Orsino hesitated. If the latter had known how completely he was in Del Ferice's power throughout the little scene, he would have then and there thrown over his financial schemes in favour of Maria Consuelo. But Del Ferice's quiet, friendly manner did not suggest despotism, and he did not suffer Orsino's embarrassment to last more than five seconds.

"I have a little proposition to make," said the fat count, turning again to Maria Consuelo. "My wife and I are alone this evening. Will you not come and dine with us, madame? And you, Don Orsino, will you not come too? We shall just make a party of four, if you will both come."

"I shall be enchanted!" exclaimed Maria Consuelo without hesitation.

"I shall be delighted!" answered Orsino with an alacrity which surprised himself.

"At eight then," said Del Ferice, shaking hands with him again, and in a moment he was gone.

Orsino was too much confused, and too much delighted at having escaped so easily from his difficulty to realise the importance of the step he was taking in going to Del Ferice's house, or to ask himself why the latter had so opportunely extended the invitation. He sat down in his place with a sigh of relief.

"You have compromised yourself for ever," said Maria Consuelo with a scornful laugh. "You, the blackest of the Black, are to be numbered henceforth with the acquaintances of Count Del Ferice and Donna Tullia."

"What difference does it make? Besides, I could not have done otherwise."

"You might have refused the dinner."

"I could not possibly have done that. To accept was the only way out of a great difficulty."

"What difficulty?" asked Maria Consuelo relentlessly.

Orsino was silent, wondering how he could explain, as explain he must, without offending her.

"You should not do such things," she said suddenly. "I will not always forgive you."

A gleam of light which, indeed, promised little forgiveness, flashed in her eyes.

"What things?" asked Orsino.

"Do not pretend that you think me so simple," she said, in a tone of irritation. "You and Del Ferice come here almost at the same moment. When he goes, you show the utmost anxiety to go too. Of course you have agreed to meet here. It is evident. You might have chosen the steps of the hotel for your place of meeting instead of my sitting-room."

The colour rose slowly in her cheeks. She was handsome when she was angry.

"If I had imagined that you could be displeased——"

"Is it so surprising? Have you forgotten what happened yesterday? You should be on your knees, asking my forgiveness for that; and instead, you make a convenience of your visit to-day in order to meet a man of business. You have very strange ideas of what is due to a woman."

"Del Ferice suggested it," said Orsino, "and I accepted the suggestion."

"What is Del Ferice to me, that I should be made the victim of his suggestions, as you call them? Besides, he does not know anything of your folly of yesterday, and he has no right to suspect it."

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am."

"And yet you ought to tell me, if you expect that I will forget all this. You cannot? Then be so good as to do the only other sensible thing in your power, and leave me as soon as possible."

"Forgive me, this once!" Orsino entreated in great distress, but not finding any words to express his sense of humiliation.

"You are not eloquent," she said scornfully. "You had better go. Do not come to the dinner this evening either. I would rather not see you. You can easily make an excuse."

Orsino recovered himself suddenly. "I will not go away now, and I will not give up the dinner to-night," he said quietly.

"I cannot make you do either, but I can leave you," said Maria Consuelo, with a movement as though she were about to rise from her chair.

"You will not do that," Orsino answered.

She raised her eyebrows in real or affected surprise at his persistence. "You seem very sure of yourself," she said. "Do not be so sure of me."

"I am sure that I love you. Nothing else matters." He leaned forward and took her hand, so quickly that she had not time to prevent him. She tried to draw it away, but he held it fast.

"Let me go!" she cried. "I will call if you do not!"

"Call all Rome if you will, to see me ask your forgiveness. Consuelo, do not be so hard and cruel. If you only knew how I love you, you would be sorry for me, you would see how I hate myself, how I despise myself for all this——"

"You might show a little more feeling," she said, making a final effort to disengage her hand, and then relinquishing the struggle.

Orsino wondered whether he were really in love with her or not. Somehow, the words he sought did not rise to his lips, and he was conscious that his speech was not of the same temperature, so to say, as his actions. There was something in Maria Consuelo's manner which disturbed him disagreeably, like a cold draught blowing unexpectedly through a warm room. Still he held her hand and endeavoured to rise to the occasion.

"Consuelo!" he cried in a beseeching tone. "Do not send me away! See how I am suffering,—it is so easy for you to say that you forgive!"

She looked at him a moment, and her eyelids drooped suddenly. "Will you let me go, if I forgive you?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes."

"I forgive you then. Well? do you still hold my hand?"

"Yes."

He leaned forward and tried to draw her towards him, looking into her eyes. She yielded a little, and their faces came a little nearer to each other, and still a little nearer. All at once a deep blush rose in her cheeks, she turned her head away and drew back quickly.

"Not for all the world!" she exclaimed in a tone that was new to Orsino's ear.

He tried to take her hand again, but she would not give it.

"No, no! Go,—you are not to be trusted!" she cried, avoiding him.

"Why are you so unkind?" he asked, almost passionately.

"I have been kind enough for this day," she answered. "Pray go; do not stay any longer; I may regret it."

"My staying?"

"No,—my kindness. And do not come again for the present. I would rather see you at Del Ferice's than here."

Orsino was quite unable to understand her behaviour, and an older and more experienced man might have been almost as much puzzled as he. A long silence followed, during which he sat quite still and she looked steadily at the cover of a book which lay on the table.

"Please go," she said at last, in a voice which was not unkind.

Orsino rose from his seat and prepared to obey her, reluctantly enough and feeling that he was out of tune with himself and with everything.

"Will you not even tell me why you send me away?" he asked.

"Because I wish to be alone," she answered. "Good-bye."

She did not look up as he left the room, and when he was gone she did not move from her place, but sat as she had sat before, staring at the yellow cover of the novel on the table.

Orsino went home in a very unsettled frame of mind, and was surprised to find that the lighted streets looked less bright and cheerful than on the previous evening, and his own immediate prospects far less pleasing. He was angry with himself for having been so foolish as to make his visit to Maria Consuelo a mere appointment with Del Ferice, and he was surprised beyond measure to find himself suddenly engaged in a social acquaintance with the latter, when he had only meant to enter into relations of business with him. Yet it did not occur to him that Del Ferice had in any way entrapped him into accepting the invitation. Del Ferice had saved him from a very awkward situation. Why? Because Del Ferice had seen the gesture Maria Consuelo had made, and had understood it, and wished to give Orsino another opportunity of discussing his project. But if Del Ferice had seen the quick sign, he had probably interpreted it in a way compromising to Madame d'Aranjuez. This was serious, though it was assuredly not Orsino's fault if she compromised herself. She might have let him go without question, and since an explanation of some sort was necessary she might have waited until the next day to demand it of him. He resented what she had done, and yet within the last quarter of an hour he had been making a declaration of love to her. He was further conscious that the said declaration had been wholly lacking in spirit, in passion, and even in eloquence. He probably did not love her after all, and with an attempt at his favourite indifference he tried to laugh at himself.

But the effort was not successful,

and he felt something approaching to pain as he realised that there was nothing to laugh at. He remembered her eyes and her face and the tones of her voice, and he imagined that if he could turn back now and see her again he could say in one breath such things as would move a statue to kisses. The very phrases rose to his lips and he repeated them to himself as he walked along.

Most unaccountable of all had been Maria Consuelo's own behaviour. Her chief preoccupation seemed to have been to get rid of him as soon as possible. She had been very seriously offended with him to-day, much more deeply, indeed, than yesterday, though the cause appeared to his inexperience to be a far less adequate one. It was evident, he thought, that she had not really pardoned his want of tact, but had yielded to the necessity of giving a reluctant forgiveness, merely because she did not wish to break off her acquaintance with him. On the other hand, she had allowed him to say again and again that he loved her, and she had not forbidden him to call her by her name.

He had always heard that it was hard to understand women, and he began to believe it. There was one hypothesis which he had not considered. It was faintly possible that she loved him already, though he was slow to believe that, his vanity lying in another direction. But even if she did, matters were not clearer. The supposition could not account for her sending him away so abruptly and with such evident intention. If she loved him, she would naturally, he supposed, wish him to stay as long as possible. She had only wished to keep him long enough to tell him how angry she was. He resented that again, for he was in the humour to resent most things.

It was all extremely complicated, and Orsino began to think that he might find the complication less interesting than he had expected a few hours earlier. He had little time for

reflection either, since he was to meet both Maria Consuelo and Del Ferice at dinner. He felt as though the coming evening were in a measure to decide his future existence, and it was indeed destined to exercise a great influence upon his life, as any person not disturbed by the anxieties which beset him might easily have foreseen.

Before leaving the house he made an excuse to his mother saying that he had unexpectedly been asked to dine with friends, and at the appointed hour he rang at Del Ferice's door.

#### CHAPTER XII.

ORSINO looked about him with some curiosity as he entered Del Ferice's abode. He had never expected to find himself the guest of Donna Tullia and her husband, and when he took the robust countess's hand, he was inclined to wish that the whole affair might turn out to be a dream. In vain he repeated to himself that he was no longer a boy but a grown man, of age in the eyes of the law to be responsible for his own actions, and old enough in fact to take what steps he pleased for the accomplishment of his own ends. He found no solace in the reflection, and he could not rid himself of the idea that he had got himself into a very boyish scrape. It would indeed have been very easy to refuse Del Ferice's invitation and to write him a note within the hour explaining vaguely that circumstances beyond his control obliged him to ask another interview for the discussion of business matters. But it was too late now. He was exchanging indifferent remarks with Donna Tullia, while Del Ferice looked on benignantly, and all three waited for Madame d'Aranjuez.

Five minutes had not elapsed before she came, and her appearance momentarily dispelled Orsino's annoyance at his own rashness. He had never before seen her dressed for the evening, and he had not realised how much to her advantage the change from the

ordinary costume, or the inevitable tea-garment, to a dinner-gown would be. She was assuredly not over-dressed, for she wore black without colours, and her only ornament was a single string of beautiful pearls which Donna Tullia believed to be false, but which Orsino accepted as real. Possibly he knew even more about pearls than the countess, for his mother had many and wore them often, whereas Donna Tullia preferred diamonds and rubies. But his eyes did not linger on the necklace, for Maria Consuelo's whole presence affected him strangely. There was something light-giving and even dazzling about her which he had not expected, and he understood for the first time that the language of the newspaper paragraphs was not so grossly flattering as he had supposed. In spite of the great artistic defects of feature, which could not long escape an observer of ordinary taste, it was clear that Maria Consuelo must always be a striking and central figure in any social assembly, great or small. There had been moments in Orsino's acquaintance with her when he had thought her really beautiful; as she now appeared, one of those moments seemed to have become permanent. He thought of what he had dared on the preceding day, his vanity was pleased and his equanimity restored. With a sense of pride which was very far from being delicate, and was by no means well founded, he watched her as she walked in to dinner before him, leaning on Del Ferice's arm.

"Beautiful—eh? I see you think so," whispered Donna Tullia in his ear.

The countess treated him at once as an old acquaintance, which put him at his ease, while it annoyed his conscience.

"Very beautiful," he answered, with a grave nod.

"And so mysterious," whispered the countess again, just as they reached the door of the dining-room. "She is very fascinating,—take care!"

She tapped his arm familiarly with her fan and laughed, as he left her at her seat.

"What are you two laughing at?" asked Del Ferice, smiling pleasantly as he surveyed the six oysters he found upon his plate, and considered which should be left until the last as the crowning tit-bit. He was fond of good eating, and especially fond of oysters as an introduction to the feast.

"What were we laughing at? How indiscreet you are, Ugo! You always want to find out all my little secrets. Consuelo, my dear, do you like oysters, or do you not? That is the question. You do, I know; a little lemon and a very little red pepper; I love red, even to adoring cayenne!"

Orsino glanced at Madame d'Aranjuez, for he was surprised to hear Donna Tullia call her by her first name. He had not known that the two women had reached the first halting-place of intimacy.

Maria Consuelo smiled rather vaguely as she took the advice in the shape of lemon-juice and pepper. Del Ferice could not interrupt his enjoyment of the oysters by words, and Orsino waited for an opportunity of saying something witty.

"I have lately formed the highest opinion of the ancient Romans," said Donna Tullia, addressing him. "Do you know why?"

Orsino professed his ignorance.

"Ugo tells me that in a recent excavation twenty cartloads of oyster-shells were discovered behind one house. Think of that! Twenty cartloads to a single house! What a family must have lived there! Indeed the Romans were a great people!"

Orsino thought that Donna Tullia herself might pass for a heroine in future ages, provided that the shells of her victims were deposited together in a safe place. He laughed politely and hoped that the conversation might not turn upon archaeology, which was not his strong point.

"I wonder how long it will be before modern Rome is excavated and

the foreigner of the future pays a franc to visit the ruins of the modern House of Parliament," suggested Maria Consuelo, who had said nothing as yet.

"At the present rate of progress, I should think about two years would be enough," answered Donna Tullia. "But Ugo says we are a great nation. Ask him."

"Ah, my angel, you do not understand those things," said Del Ferice. "How shall I explain? There is no development without decay of the useless parts. The snake casts its old skin before it appears with a new one. And there can be no business without an occasional crisis. Unbroken fair weather ends in a dead calm. Why do you take such a gloomy view, madame?"

"One should never talk of things; only people are amusing," said Donna Tullia, before Madame d'Aranjuez could answer. "Whom have you seen to-day, Consuelo? And you, Don Orsino? And you, Ugo? Are we to talk for ever of oysters, and business, and snakes? Come, tell me, all of you, what everybody has told you. There must be something new. Of course that poor Carantoni is going to be married again, and the Princess Befana is dying, as usual, and the same dear old people have run away with each other, and all that. Of course. I wish things were not always just going to happen. One would like to hear what is said on the day after the events which never come off. It would be a novelty."

Donna Tullia loved talk and noise, and gossip above all things, and she was not quite at her ease. The news that Orsino was to come to dinner had taken her breath away. Ugo had advised her to be natural, and she was doing her best to follow his advice.

"As for me," he said, "I have been tormented all day, and have spent but one pleasant half hour. I was so fortunate as to find Madame d'Aranjuez at home, but that was enough to indemnify me for many sacrifices."

"I cannot do better than say the same," observed Orsino, though with far less truth. "I believe I have read through a new novel, but I do not remember the title and I have forgotten the story."

"How satisfactory!" exclaimed Maria Consuelo, with a little scorn.

"It is the only way to read novels," answered Orsino, "for it leaves them always new to you, and the same one may be made to last several weeks."

"I have heard it said that one should fear the man of one book," observed Maria Consuelo, looking at him.

"For my part, I am more inclined to fear the woman of many."

"Do you read much, my dear Consuelo?" asked Donna Tullia, laughing.

"Perpetually."

"And is Don Orsino afraid of you?"

"Mortally," answered Orsino. "Madame d'Aranjuez knows everything."

"Is she blue then?" asked Donna Tullia.

"What shall I say, madame?" inquired Orsino, turning to Maria Consuelo. "Is it a compliment to compare you to the sky of Italy?"

"For blueness?"

"No,—for brightness and serenity."

"Thanks. That is pretty. I accept."

"And have you nothing for me?" asked Donna Tullia, with an engaging smile.

The other two looked at Orsino, wondering what he would say in answer to such a point-blank demand for flattery.

"Juno is still Minerva's ally," he said, falling back upon mythology, though it struck him that Del Ferice would make a poor Jupiter, with his fat white face and dull eyes.

"Very good!" laughed Donna Tullia. "A little classic, but I pressed you hard. You are not easily caught. Talking of clever men," she added with another meaning glance at Orsino,

"I met your friend to-day, Consuelo."

"My friend? Who is he?"

"Spicca, of course. Whom did you think I meant? We always laugh at her," she said, turning to Orsino, "because she hates him so. She does not know him, and has never spoken to him. It is his cadaverous face that frightens her. One can understand that,—we of old Rome have been used to him since the deluge. But a stranger is horrified at the first sight of him. Consuelo positively dreads to meet him in the street. She says that he makes her dream of all sorts of horrors."

"It is quite true," said Maria Consuelo, with a slight movement of her beautiful shoulders. "There are people one would rather not see, merely because they are not good to look at. He is one of them, and if I see him coming I turn away."

"I know; I told him so to-day," continued Donna Tullia cheerfully. "We are old friends, but we do not often meet nowadays. Just fancy! It was in that little antiquary's shop in the Monte Brianzo,—the first on the left as you go; he has good things—and I saw a bit of embroidery in the window that took my fancy, so I stopped the carriage and went in. Who should be there but Spicca, hat and all, looking like old Father Time. He was bargaining for something,—a wretched old bit of brass—bargaining, my dear! For a few sous! One may be poor, but one has no right to be mean. I thought he would have got the miserable antiquary's skin."

"Antiquaries can generally take care of themselves," observed Orsino incredulously.

"Oh, I dare say; but it looks so badly, you know. That is all I mean. When he saw me he stopped wrangling and we talked a little, while I had the embroidery wrapped up. I will show it to you after dinner. It is sixteenth century, Ugo says,—a piece of a chasuble—exquisite flowers on claret-coloured satin, a perfect gem, so rare

now that everything is imitated. However, that is not the point. It was Spicca; I was forgetting my story. He said the usual things, you know,—that he had heard that I was very gay this year, but that it seemed to agree with me, and so on. And I asked him why he never came to see me, and as an inducement I told him of our great beauty here,—that is you, Consuelo, so please look delighted instead of frowning—and I told him that she ought to hear him talk, because his face had frightened her so that she ran away when she saw him coming towards her in the street. You see if one flatters his cleverness he does not mind being called ugly,—or at least I thought not, until to-day. But to my consternation he seemed angry, and he asked me almost savagely if it were true that the Countess d'Aranjuez,—that is what he called you, my dear—really tried to avoid him in the street. Then I laughed and said I was only joking, and he began to bargain again for the little brass frame, and I went away. When I last heard his voice he was insisting upon seventy-five centimes, and the antiquary was jeering at him and asking a franc and a half. I wonder which got the better of the fight in the end. I will ask him the next time I see him."

Del Ferice supported his wife with a laugh at her story, but it was not very genuine. He had unpleasant recollections of Spicca in earlier days, and his name recalled events which Ugo would willingly have forgotten. Orsino smiled politely, but resented the way in which Donna Tullia spoke of his father's old friend. As for Maria Consuelo, she was a little pale and looked tired. But the countess was irrepressible, for she feared lest Orsino should go away and think her dull.

"Of course we all really like Spicca," she said. "Every one does."

"I do, for my part," said Orsino gravely. "I have a great respect for him, for his own sake, and he is one of my father's oldest friends."

Maria Consuelo looked at him very suddenly, as though she were surprised by what he said. She did not remember to have heard him mention the melancholy old duellist. She seemed about to say something, but changed her mind.

"Yes," said Ugo, turning the subject, "he is one of the old tribe that is dying out. What types there were in those days, and how those who are alive have changed! Do you remember, Tullia? But of course you cannot, my angel; it was far before your time."

One of Ugo's favourite methods of pleasing his wife was to assert that she was too young to remember people who had indeed played a part as lately as after the death of her first husband. It always soothed her.

"I remember them all," he continued. "Old Montevarchi, and Frangipani, and poor Casalverde,—and a score of others."

He had been on the point of mentioning old Astrardente, too, but checked himself.

"Then there were the young ones, who are in middle age now," he went on, "such as Valdarno and the Montevarchi whom you know, as different from their former selves as you can well imagine. Society was different too."

Del Ferice spoke thoughtfully and slowly, as though wishing that some one would interrupt him or take up the subject, for he felt that his wife's long story about Spicca and the antiquary had not been a success, and his instinct told him that Spicca had better not be mentioned again, since he was a friend of Orsino's and since his name seemed to exert a depressing influence on Maria Consuelo. Orsino came to the rescue and began to talk of current social topics in a way which showed that he was not so profoundly prejudiced by traditional ideas as Del Ferice had expected. The momentary chill wore off quickly enough, and when the dinner ended Donna Tullia was sure that it had been successful.

They all returned to the drawing-room and then Del Ferice, without any remark, led Orsino away to smoke with him in a distant apartment.

"We can smoke again when we go back," he said. "My wife does not mind and Madame d'Aranjuez likes it. But it is an excuse to be alone together for a little while, and besides, my doctor makes me lie down for a quarter of an hour after dinner. You will excuse me?"

Del Ferice extended himself upon a leathern lounge, and Orsino sat down in a deep easy-chair.

"I was so sorry not to be able to come away with you to-day," said Orsino. "The truth is, Madame d'Aranjuez wanted some information and I was just going to explain that I would stay a little longer, when you asked us both to dinner. You must have thought me very forgetful."

"Not at all, not at all," answered Del Ferice. "Indeed, I quite supposed that you were coming with me, when it struck me that this would be a much more pleasant place for talking. I cannot imagine why I had not thought of it before, but I have so many details to think of."

Not much could be said for the veracity of either of the statements which the two men were pleased to make to each other, but Orsino had the small advantage of being nearer to the letter, if not to the spirit of the truth. Each, however, was satisfied with the other's tact.

"And so, Don Orsino," continued Del Ferice after a short pause, "you wish to try a little operation in business. Yes? Very good. You have, as we said yesterday, a sum of money ample for a beginning. You have the necessary courage and intelligence. You need a practical assistant, however, and it is indispensable that the point selected for the first venture should be one promising speedy profit. Is that it?"

"Precisely."

"Very good, very good. I think I can offer you both the land and the

partner, and almost guarantee your success, if you will be guided by me."

"I have come to you for advice," said Orsino. "I will follow it gratefully. As for the success of the undertaking, I will assume the responsibility."

"Yes. That is better. After all, everything is uncertain in such matters, and you would not like to feel that you were under an obligation to me. On the other hand, as I told you, I am selfish and cautious. I would rather not appear in the transaction."

If any doubt as to Del Ferice's honesty of purpose crossed Orsino's mind at that moment, it was fully compensated by the fact that he himself distinctly preferred not to be openly associated with the banker. "I quite agree with you," he said.

"Very well. Now for business. Do you know that it is sometimes more profitable to take over a half-finished building than to begin a new one? Often, I assure you, for the returns are quicker and you get a great deal at half price. Now, the man whom I recommend to you is a practical architect, and was employed by a certain baker to build a tenement-building in one of the new quarters. The baker dies, the house is unfinished, the heirs wish to sell it as it is, there are at least a dozen of them—and meanwhile the work is stopped. My advice is this. Buy this house, go into partnership with the unemployed architect, agreeing to give him a share of the profits, finish the building and sell it as soon as it is habitable. In six months you will get a handsome return."

"That sounds very tempting," answered Orsino; "but it would need more capital than I have."

"Not at all, not at all. It is a mere question of taking over a mortgage and paying stamp-duty."

"And how about the difference in ready money, which ought to go to the present owners?"

"I see that you are already beginning

to understand the principles of business," said Del Ferice, with an encouraging smile. "But in this case the owners are glad to get rid of the house on any terms by which they lose nothing, for they are in mortal fear of being ruined by it, as they probably will be if they hold on to it."

"Then why should I not lose, if I take it?"

"That is just the difference. The heirs are a number of incapable persons of the lower class, who do not understand these matters. If they attempted to go on they would soon find themselves entangled in the greater difficulties. They would sink where you will almost certainly swim."

Orsino was silent for a moment. There was something despicable, to his thinking, in profiting by the loss of a wretched baker's heirs. "It seems to me," he said presently, "that if I succeed in this, I ought to give a share of the profits to the present owners."

Not a muscle of Del Ferice's face moved, but his dull eyes looked curiously at Orsino's young face. "That sort of thing is not commonly done in business," he said quietly, after a short pause. "As a rule, men who busy themselves with affairs do so in the hope of growing rich; but I can quite understand that where business is a mere pastime, as it is to be in your case, a man of generous instincts may devote the proceeds to charity."

"It looks more like justice than charity to me," observed Orsino.

"Call it what you will, but succeed first and consider the uses of your success afterwards. That is not my affair. The baker's heirs are not especially deserving people, I believe. In fact they are said to have hastened his death in the hope of inheriting his wealth, and are disappointed to find that they have got nothing. If you wish to be philanthropic, you might wait until you have cleared a large sum and then give it to a school or a hospital."

"That is true," said Orsino. "In the meantime it is important to begin."

"We can begin to-morrow, if you please. You will find me at the bank at mid-day. I will send for the architect and the notary and we can manage everything in forty-eight hours. Before the week is out you can be at work."

"So soon as that?"

"Certainly. Sooner, by hurrying matters a little."

"As soon as possible then. And I will go to the bank at twelve o'clock to-morrow. A thousand thanks for all your good offices, my dear count."

"It is a pleasure, I assure you."

Orsino was so much pleased with Del Ferice's quick and business-like way of arranging matters that he began to look upon him as a model to imitate, so far as executive ability was concerned. It was odd enough that any one of his name should feel anything like admiration for Ugo, but friendship and hatred are only the opposite points at which the social pendulum pauses before it swings backward, and they who live long may see many oscillations.

The two men went back to the drawing-room where Donna Tullia and Maria Consuelo were discussing the complicated views of the almighty dressmaker. Orsino knew that there was little chance of his speaking a word alone with Madame d'Aranjuez and resigned himself to the effort of helping the general conversation. Fortunately the time to be got over in this way was not long, as all four had engagements in the evening. Maria Consuelo rose at half-past ten, but Orsino determined to wait five minutes longer, or at least to make a show of meaning to do so. But Donna Tullia put out her hand as though she expected him to take his leave at the same time. She was going to a ball and wanted at least an hour in which to screw her magnificence up to the dancing-pitch.

The consequence was that Orsino

found himself helping Maria Consuelo into the modest hired conveyance which awaited her at the gate. He hoped that she would offer him a seat for a short distance, but he was disappointed.

"May I come to-morrow?" he asked, as he closed the door of the carriage. The night was not cold and the window was down.

"Please tell the coachman to take me to the Via Nazionale," she said quickly.

"What number?"

"Never mind, he knows,—I have forgotten. Good-night."

She tried to draw up the window, but Orsino held his hand on it.

"May I come to-morrow?" he asked again.

"No."

"Are you angry with me still?"

"No."

"Then why——"

"Let me shut the window. Take your hand away."

Her voice was very imperative in the dark. Orsino relinquished his hold on the frame, and the pane ran up suddenly into its place with a rattling noise. There was obviously nothing more to be said.

"Via Nazionale! The Signora says you know the house," he called to the driver.

The man looked surprised, shrugged his shoulders after the manner of livery-stable coachmen, and drove slowly off in the direction indicated. Orsino stood looking after the carriage and a few seconds later he saw that the man drew rein and bent down to the front window as though asking for orders. Orsino thought he heard Maria Consuelo's voice answering the question, but he could not distinguish what she said, and the brougham drove on at once without taking a new direction.

He was curious to know whither she was going, and the idea of following her suggested itself, but he instantly dismissed it, partly because it seemed unworthy and partly, perhaps,

because he was on foot, and no cab was passing within hail.

Orsino was very much puzzled. During the dinner she had behaved with her usual cordiality, but as soon as they were alone she spoke and acted as she had done in the afternoon. Orsino turned away and walked across the deserted square. He was greatly disturbed, for he felt a sense of humiliation and disappointment quite new to him. Young as he was, he had been accustomed already to a degree of consideration very different from that which Maria Consuelo thought fit to bestow, and it was certainly the first time in his life that a door,—even the door of a carriage—had been shut in his face without ceremony. What would have been an unpardonable insult coming from a man, was at least an indignity when it came from a woman. As Orsino walked along, his wrath rose, and he wondered why he had not been angry at once.

"Very well," he said to himself. "She says she does not want me. I will take her at her word and I will not go to see her any more. We shall see what happens. She will find out that I am not a child, as she was good enough to call me to-day, and that I am not in the habit of having windows put up in my face. I have much more serious business on hand than making love to Madame d'Aranjuez."

The more he reflected upon the situation, the more angry he grew, and when he reached the door of the club he was in a humour to quarrel with everything and everybody. Fortunately, at that early hour, the place was in the sole possession of half a dozen old gentlemen whose conversation diverted his thoughts though it was the very reverse of edifying. Between the stories they told and the considerable number of cigarettes he smoked while listening to them he was almost restored to his normal frame of mind by midnight, when four or five of his usual companions straggled in and proposed baccarat. After his recent successes he could not

well refuse to play, so he sat down rather reluctantly with the rest. Oddly enough he did not lose, though he won but little.

"Lucky at play, unlucky in love," laughed one of the men carelessly.

"What do you mean?" asked Orsino turning sharply upon the speaker.

"Mean? Nothing," answered the latter in great surprise. "What is the matter with you, Orsino? Cannot one quote a common proverb?"

"Oh,—if you meant nothing let us go on," Orsino answered gloomily.

As he took up the cards again, he heard a sigh behind him and turning round saw that Spicca was standing at his shoulder. He was shocked by the melancholy count's face, though he was used to meeting him almost every day. The haggard and cadaverous features, the sunken and careworn eyes, contrasted almost horribly with the freshness and gaiety of Orsino's companions, and the brilliant light in the room threw the man's deadly pallor into strong relief.

"Will you play, count?" asked Orsino making room for him.

"Thanks,—no. I never play nowadays," answered Spicca quietly.

He turned and left the room. With all his apparent weakness his step was not unsteady though it was slower than in the old days.

"He sighed in that way because we did not quarrel," said the man whose quoted proverb had annoyed Orsino.

"I am ready and anxious to quarrel with everybody to-night," answered Orsino. "Let us play baccarat; that is much better."

Spicca left the club alone and walked slowly homewards to his small lodging in the Via della Croce. A few dying embers smouldered in the little fireplace which warmed his sitting-

room. He stirred them slowly, took a stick of wood from the wicker basket, hesitated a moment, and then put it back again instead of burning it. The night was not cold and wood was very dear. He sat down under the light of the old lamp which stood upon the mantelpiece, and drew a long breath. But presently putting his hand into the pocket of his overcoat in search of his cigarette-case he drew out something else which he had almost forgotten, a small something wrapped in coarse paper. He undid it and looked at the little frame of chiselled brass which Donna Tullia had found him buying in the afternoon, turning it over and over, absently, as though thinking of something else.

Then he fumbled in his pockets again and found a photograph, which he had also bought in the course of the day; the photograph of Gouache's latest portrait, obtained in a contraband fashion and with some difficulty from the photographer.

Without hesitation Spicca took a pocket-knife and began to cut the head out, with that extraordinary neatness and precision which characterised him when he used any sharp instrument. The head just fitted the frame. He fastened it in with drops of sealing-wax, and carefully burned the rest of the picture in the embers.

The face of Maria Consuelo smiled at him in the lamp-light, as he turned it in different ways so as to find the best aspect of it. Then he hung it on a nail above the mantelpiece just under a pair of crossed foils.

"That man Gouache is a very clever fellow," he said aloud. "Between them, he and Nature have made a good likeness."

He sat down again and it was a long time before he made up his mind to take away the lamp and go to bed.

*(To be continued.)*

## CHAPTERS FROM SOME UNWRITTEN MEMOIRS.

## MY WITCHES' CALDRON. III.

OURS was more or less a bachelor's establishment, and the arrangements of the house varied between a certain fastidiousness and the roughest simplicity. We had shabby tablecloths, alternating with some of my grandmother's fine linen; we had old Derby china for our dessert of dried figs and dry biscuits, and a silver Flaxman teapot (which always poured oblations of tea upon the cloth) for breakfast, and three cracked cups and saucers of unequal patterns and sizes. One morning, Jeames de la Pluche (so my father's servant and factotum chose to call himself when he wrote to the papers) brought in a hamper which had just arrived. When it was unpacked we found, to our great satisfaction, that it contained a lovely breakfast array. A china bowl for my father's tea, ornamented with his initials in gold amid a trellis of roses; beautiful cups for the young ladies, lovely gilt milk-jugs, and a copy of verses, not written, but put together out of printed letters from the *Times*. I quote it from memory:

Of esteem as a token,—  
Fate preserve it unbroken—  
A friend sends this tea-dish of porcelain  
rare,  
And with truth and sincerity  
Wishes health and prosperity  
To the famed M. A. Titmarsh of *Vanity Fair*.

We could not imagine who the friend was from whom the opportune present had come. For many breakfasts we speculated and wondered, guessing one person and another in turn, while we sat at our now elegant board, of which Dr. Oliver Holmes himself might have approved. Years afterwards, when de la Pluche was taking leave of my father and sailing for Australia, where

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he had obtained a responsible position, he said, reproachfully: "I sent you the breakfast things; you guessed a great many people, but you never guessed they came from me."

De la Pluche was devoted to my father, and next to him he seemed the most important member of the household. He was more than devoted. We used to think he was a sorcerer. He used to guess at my father's thoughts, plan for him, work for him, always knew beforehand what he would like far better than we ever did. I remember that we almost cried on one occasion, thinking that our father would ultimately prefer him to us. He used to write to the papers and sign his letters, "Jeames de la Pluche, 13 Young Street." "Like to see my last, miss?" he used to say, as he put down a paper on the school-room table. He was a very good and clever man, though a stern ruler. My father had a real friendship and regard for him, and few of his friends ever deserved it more. He lived alone down stairs, where he was treated with great deference, and had his meals served separately, I believe. He always called my father "the Governor." He was a little man, and was very like Holbein's picture of Sir Thomas More in looks. I remember on one occasion coming away from some lecture or entertainment. As we got out into the street it was raining. "It has turned cold," said my father, who was already beginning to be ill. At that moment a voice behind him said, "Coat, sir! Brought it down"; and there was de la Pluche, who had brought his coat all the way from Kensington, helping him on with it. My father thanked him, and then mechanically felt in the pocket for a possible cigar-case.

"Cigar? Here," says de la Pluche, popping one into my father's mouth, and producing a match ready lighted.

I sometimes hear from my old friend, and I hope he may not be pained by reading of these childish jealousies long past.

When we were children attending our classes, we used to be encouraged to study large sheets, with curious rectangular designs, coloured pink, blue, green, representing the various dynasties and events in the history of past ages viewed from a geometrical point of view; but somehow it was difficult to fit these figures on to the reality. One can understand the pictures of the solar system in the book, but it is a very different thing when one comes to stand on one's own doorstep, trying to realise that the earth is turning one way and the moon corkscrewing round it, and the planets dancing their mighty course, and the fixed stars disappearing all the time behind the opposite roof, to say nothing of a possibility that one's feet are up in the air and one's head hanging down below, without any feeling of inconvenience, except perhaps a certain bewilderment and confusion on most subjects, which may however be peculiar to myself. And so, looking back at one's own life, one sees it broadly in a sort of map, coloured brightly or sadly according to its moods and states of being; but when one comes to write it down in *Macmillan's* columns, it is difficult to fit all the events and chronologies quite accurately into their places. If one tries to realize too much at once, the impression is apt to grow chaotic and unmeaning in its complexity; you can't get the proportions of events; and, indeed, perhaps one of the compensating constituents of all our various existences consists in that disproportion which passing impressions happily take for us, and which they often retain notwithstanding the experiences of years. That little picture of Bewick's in which a falling leaf conceals the sky, the road, the passing gig and

its occupants, contains the secret of a philosophy which makes existence itself possible, as it would scarcely be if infinity held its proportional place in our finite experience.

Our London home was a happy but a serious home. One day my father said that he had been surprised to hear from his friend Sir Henry D. how seriously our house struck people, compared to other houses: "But I think we are very happy as we are," said he, and so indeed we were. We lived chiefly with him and with quite little children, or with our grandparents when they came over to visit us. There was certainly a want of initiation: there was no one to suggest all sorts of delightful possibilities, which, as we grew up, might have been made more of; but looking back I chiefly regret it in so far as I think he might have been happier if we had brought a little more action and sunshine into the house, and taken a little more on our own responsibility instead of making ourselves into his shadows.

When my father had done his day's work, he liked a change of scene and thought. I think he was always glad to leave the ink-blots for his beloved dabs of paint. Sometimes he used to drive into town on the top of an omnibus, sometimes in a brougham; very often he used to take us with him in hansoms, which we much preferred, on long expeditions to Hampstead, to Richmond, to Greenwich, or to studios in distant quarters of the town. There was Mr. David Roberts, whose welcome was certain, and whose sketch-books were a delight to turn over; indeed, the drawings were so accurate, delicate, and suggestive, that they used to make one almost giddy to look at. Once or twice we went to Mr. Cattermole's, who had a studio among the Hampstead hills, hidden among ancient walls and ivy-trees. Mr. Du Maurier was not yet living there, or I am sure we should have driven further up the hill. As life goes on one grudges that time and chance alone should have separated people

who would have been so happy with each other. Again and again we used to go to Sir Edwin Landseer's beautiful villa in St. John's Wood, and enjoy his delightful company. Among his many stories, I remember his once telling us an anecdote of one of his dogs he was in the habit of taking out at the end of his work. The dog used to wait patiently all day long while Sir Edwin was painting, but he used to come and lie down at his feet and look up in his face towards five o'clock; and on one occasion, finding his hints disregarded, trotted into the hall and came back with the painter's hat, which he laid on the floor before him.

Then we always enjoyed going on to the house of a neighbour of Sir Edwin's, Mr. Charles Leslie, who dwelt somewhere in that locality with his delightful household. To say nothing of the actual members of that household, there were others also belonging to it who were certainly all but alive, and great favourites with my father. I can still see him standing in the South Kensington Museum, fascinated and laughing before the picture of Sancho Panza, with that look of portentous wisdom and absurdity. As for the charming Duchess, whose portrait is also to be seen, she, or her prototypes, may perhaps have dwelt in the painter's own home. Mr. Dickens used to be at the Leslies' sometimes, and though I cannot quite account for it, I have a general impression of fireworks perpetually going off just outside their windows.

One day that we had come home from one of these expeditions in a big blue fly, with a bony horse,—it was a bright blue fly, with a drab inside to it, and an old white coachman on the box—my father, after a few words of consultation with the coachman, drove off again, and shortly afterwards returning on foot, told us that he had just bought the whole concern, brougham and horse and harness, and that he had sent Jackson (our driver had now become Jackson) to be measured for a great coat. So hence-

forward we came and went about in our own private carriage, which, however, never lost its original name of "the fly," although Jackson's buttons shone resplendent with the Thackeray crest, and the horse too seemed brushed up and promoted to be private.

I remember, or I think I remember, driving in this vehicle to Mr. Frank Stone's studio in Tavistock Square, and how he and my father began laughing and talking about early days. "Do you remember that portrait I began to paint of you over the lady with the guitar?" Mr. Stone said, and he added that he had the picture still, and, going into some deep cupboard, he brought out a cheerful florid picture of my father, as I for one had never seen him, with thick black hair and a young ruddy face. We brought it away with us, and I have it now, and the lady's red dress still appears in the background. It is perhaps fortunate that people, as a rule, are well and happy, and at their best, when their portraits are painted. If one looks down the Academy list year by year, one sees that the pictures represent gentlemen who have just been made Bishops, or Speakers, or Governors-General; or ladies who are brides in their lovely new clothes and jewels. And again, there are the humble folks who are painted in fun or friendship or lightness of heart. Sad folks hide their heads, sick folks turn them away and are not fit subjects for the painter's art; and yet, as I write, I am also conscious that facts contradict me, and that there has been a fine run of late upon nurses and death-bed scenes in general.

The happy hour had not yet come for us when Mr. Watts came to live in Kensington at Little Holland House, and built his studios there. This was in later times, and after we had just passed beyond the great pinafore age, which sets such a stamp upon after life and to which my recollections seem chiefly to revert.

He always said that he should like to paint a picture of my father, but

the day for the sitting, alas, never came! And yet I can imagine what that picture might have been, a portrait, such as some portraits, with that mysterious reality in them, that present which is quite apart from years.

I am sure there was no one among all his friends whose society my father enjoyed more than he did that of John Leech, whom he first remembered, so he has often told us with a smile, a small boy at the Charterhouse, in a little blue buttoned-up suit, set up upon a form and made to sing "Home, sweet home," to the others crowding round about. Mr. Leech was anything but a small boy when I remember him in the old Young Street dining-room, where de la Pluche was laying the cloth and Mr. Leech and my father sat talking by the fire. He was very handsome and tall, and kind and shy, and he spoke in a husky, melodious voice: we admired him very much; he was always beautifully dressed, and we used to see him come riding up to the door on nice shining horses; and he generally came to invite us all to something delightful, to go there or to dine with him and his wife at Richmond or elsewhere. My father liked to take us about with him, and I am surprised, as I think of it, at the great good-nature of his friends, who used so constantly to include two inconvenient little girls in the various invitations they sent him. We used to be asked early, and to arrive at all sorts of unusual times. We used to lunch with our hosts and spend long afternoons, and then about dinner-time our father would come in, and sit smoking after dinner while we waited with patient ladies up stairs. Mrs. Brookfield used to live in Portman Street in those days, and thither we used to go very constantly, and to Mrs. Procter's, as well as to various relations' houses, Indian cousins of my father's coming to town for a season with their colonels and their families. Time after time we used to go to the Leeches, who lived in Brunswick Square. We used to play with

the baby, we used to turn over endless books of pictures, and perhaps go out for a walk with kind Mrs. Leech, and sometimes (but this happened very rarely) we used to be taken up to the room where John Leech himself sat at his drawing-table under the square of silver paper which softened the light as it fell upon his blocks. There was his back as he bent over his work, there were the tables loaded with picture-books and drawing-blocks, huge blocks, four times the size of any at home, ready for next week's *Punch*; but our entrance disturbed him (we instinctively felt how much), and we used to hurry quickly back to the drawing-books down stairs, and go on turning over the pencil sketches. I have some of them now, those drawings so roughly indicated, at first so vague, and then by degrees worked upon and altered and modelled and forced into their life as it were, *obliged* to laugh, charmed into kindly wit; as I look at them now, I still recognize the aspect of those by-gone days and places, and I cannot help thinking how much more interesting to remember are some of the shabby homes in which work and beauty and fun are *made*, than those more luxurious and elaborate, which dazzle us so much more at the time, where everything one saw was only bought. But after all the whole secret of life is made up of the things one makes, and those one steals, and those one pays for.

My own children turn over Leech's drawings now, as happily as we ourselves used to do, and it seems to me sometimes as if they also are at play among our own old fancies and in our old haunts. There are the rooms again. There is Mrs. Leech's old piano like an organ standing bolt upright against the wall; there are the brown holland covers on the chairs; there is the domestic lamp, looking (as the lamps of one's youth used to look) tall and dismantled like some gaunt lighthouse erected upon bare mahogany rocks. Besides these things, I remember with

real affection a lovely little miniature portrait of Mrs. Leech, which used to hang upon the wall, and which was done at the time of her marriage. It was indeed the sweetest little picture; and when I saw her one little granddaughter, Dorothy Gillett, this old favourite picture of my childhood came into my mind. It may be hallucination, but, although the houses were so ugly in those days, I still think the people in them looked almost nicer then than they do now.

Madame Elise was the great oracle of the 'Fifties, and she used to turn out floating, dignified, squashy beings with close pearly head-dresses and bonnets, and sloping, spreading draperies. They are all to be seen in Mr. Leech's pictures still, and they may be about to come back to life, crinolines and all, for anything I know to the contrary. But I hope not; I think this present generation of women is a happier one than that one was. The characters of the people I remember were certainly different from the characters of their daughters of the present, disporting themselves in the golden Du Maurier age of liberty and out-door life. Mr. Leech once drew our own green curtains for us in a little picture of two girls asking a child what it had for dinner. The child says, "Something that begins with a S."; and when asked what that might be, explains that it was *cold beef*.

A certain number of writers and designers for *Punch* used to dine at Mr. Leech's, coming in with my father towards the close of the day. I remember Mr. Tenniel there, and Mr. Percival Legh, and Mr. Shirley Brooks, and Mr. (not then Sir John) Millais in later days, and an eminent member of a different profession, the present Dean of Rochester. Sometimes, instead of dining in Brunswick Square or at the house in Kensington (to which they afterwards removed), we used to be taken all away to Richmond, to enjoy happy hours upon the terrace, and the light of setting suns.

My father was pleased when some dozen years later the Leeches came to Kensington, and he was greatly interested in their pretty old house. Mr. Leech was pleased too; and at first he used to describe with resigned humour what, alas, became slow torture in the end to his strained nerves,—the different noises as they succeeded each other in what he had expected to find a quiet suburb of London: the milkman, the carrier, the industrious carpenter, all following in rotation one by one, from the very earliest morning. But his nerves were altogether overstrung. I remember hearing him once, in far, far back times, tell a little story, scarcely perhaps worth re-telling. He was looking altogether ill and upset, and he told us that he had hardly recovered from a little shock the night before. Coming home late, and as he went up stairs, he had been annoyed by hearing the howling of a dog in a garden at the back of the house. He did not know that one of his young sisters had come to see his wife that evening, had been persuaded to stay for the night, and put to sleep in the very room into which he now turned, throwing up the window to see where the noise came from. The moon was shining, and happening to look round he was quite overcome, seeing a figure lying motionless upon the bed, while the light poured coldly upon a white marble profile.

I was going along the Kensington Road towards Palace Green one fine morning, when I met my father carefully carrying before him two blue Dutch china pots, which he had just surreptitiously taken away out of his own study. "I am going to see if they won't stand upon Leech's dining-room chimney-piece," he said. I followed him, hoping, I am afraid, that they would not stand there, for we were well used to lament the accustomed disappearance of his pretty ornaments and china dishes. People may have stared to see him carrying his china, but that I do not now remember,—only this, that he was amused and in-

terested, and that we found the iron gates open to the court in front, and the doors of the Leeches' house all wide open, though the house itself was empty and the family had not yet arrived. Workmen were coming and going, busy hammering carpets and making arrangements. We crossed the hall, and then my father led the way into the pretty old dining-room, with its new Turkey carpet and its tall windows looking to the gardens at the back. "I knew they would stand there," said he, putting up the two blue pots on the high narrow ledge; and there to my mind they will ever stand.

It was in the *Quarterly Review* that my father wrote of Leech's pictures. "While we live we must laugh," he says, and then (contrasting the past and the present of caricatures, and the rough designs of his own youth with those of a later, more charming fashion) he goes on: "We cannot afford to lose Satyr with his pipe and dances and gambols. But we have washed, combed, clothed, and taught the rogue good manners; or rather, let us say, he has learnt them himself, for he is of nature soft and kindly, and he has put aside his mad pranks and tipsy habits; and, frolicsome always, has become gentle and harmless, smitten into shame by the pure presence of our women, the sweet, confiding smiles of our children."

Do we laugh enough? Have we over-

eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge? I cannot say. The art of design, as practised by the successors of John Leech who have followed in his steps, still holds its own delightful sway; but the kindred arts of action, of oratory, of literature, have, to narrow-minded critics accustomed to the "Spade with which Wilkinson hath tilled the land," taken most unpleasant forms of sincerity. Sometimes I wonder how the moralist would write of us now, were he still among us. I don't know how the present will strike the new generation, when it has grown up to look back in turn upon this somewhat complicated phase of civilization. Sheep's clothing is out of date, and wolf-skins all the fashion now; but they are imitation wolf-skins. The would-be Lion affects the Donkey's ears; the Pharisee is anxious to be seen in the Publican's society for the good impression it makes upon his constituency. It is all very perplexing, and not very edifying to speculate on. And then I feel that any day, while one is fumbling and probing and dissecting and splitting hairs, some genius such as John Leech's silently appears, and touches commonplace things, and lo! here is a new light upon earth, a new happiness; here is another smile in the land. "Can we have too much of truth and fun and beauty and kindness?" said John Leech's Friend.

ANNE RITCHIE.

## THE NEXT CONCLAVE.

THE wearer of the triple tiara occupies a most anomalous position. Since the Doges of Venice he is the sole example remaining of an elected monarch. He holds office for life, not by right of birth but of election. He is at once the head of a powerful ecclesiastical corporation and the monarch of a temporal kingdom, which he claims indeed, but which he does not possess. So far as temporalities are concerned, he is as much a pretender as a Bourbon is to France. But in the spiritual sphere he is supreme: he both reigns and governs; and it is of very few political heads that so much can be said. The constitutional monarch reigns but does not govern; the American President governs but does not reign; the French President neither reigns nor governs. But the Pope in his ecclesiastical realm does both; in this department he is a true despot.

The Pope, then, is at once a political survival, a pretender, and a despot. And the manner of his election is of a piece with the peculiarity of his position. It is a strange and picturesque proceeding; and in an age when elections are all reduced to a monotonous use of ballot-boxes, polling-booths, committee-rooms and the like, the quality of picturesqueness in a papal election is something to be thankful for.

Papal elections have an interesting history. The first Popes seem to have been simply bishops of Rome, and to have been chosen to fill that place in the same way as the bishops of other sees. The original body of electors were the clergy and the people of Rome. In addition to this some of the kings of the different European States claimed to have a word in the election, a circumstance which gave

rise to the claims of Austria, France, and Spain to the so-called right of veto. The abuses and disturbances that occurred in the elections soon rendered reform imperative. Symmachus was the first Pope to regulate the conduct of elections by a Bull. This was issued in the year 498; but it was not until the year 1059 that any fundamental change was made. Then Nicholas II. issued a most important Bull, by which he decreed that in future the right of election should belong to the cardinal bishops and cardinal priests, while he restricted the right of the lower clergy and the Roman people to that of assent merely. But the lower clergy and the Roman people were not prepared to surrender their rights tamely, and they made their claims good by force of arms. And in this way Lucius II. in 1144 and Hadrian IV. in 1154 were both elected by the intervention of the Roman people. The Bull of Nicholas II. had not defined the number of votes requisite to make an election, and this led to the most deplorable consequences. For when Alexander III. was elected, the minority of dissenting cardinals took upon themselves to declare the election void, and to elect an Anti-Pope. With the view of preventing such misfortunes in the future, Alexander decreed that the election should be made by the votes of two-thirds of the cardinals. But even with these regulations difficulties in the elections still continued. One difficulty was that no period having been fixed within which the election was to take place, it was sometimes unduly delayed, and the Holy See remained vacant for periods disastrously long. When Clement IV. died in 1268, no election was actually made for a period of two years. But Gregory X. who succeeded

him determined to correct this abuse, and in a Bull issued at the Council of Lyons he decreed that the election should be begun ten days after the decease of the late Pontiff. This Bull was modified and amended in some unimportant respects by Clement V. at the Council of Vienna, and by Clement VI. at Avignon. For a period of over one hundred and fifty years no reform in the conduct of the elections was made, notwithstanding the fact that schisms, scandals, and abuses flourished luxuriantly. But in 1505 that warlike Pontiff Julius II., whom one would rather have expected to have been wholly absorbed in schemes of territorial aggrandisement, issued a most stringent Bull with the object of checking simoniacal elections; and in 1558 Paul IV. fulminated tremendous penalties on those guilty of the practice of making compacts for the election of the next Pope during the lifetime of the actual occupant of the Holy See. Such, briefly, was the purport of the various Bulls issued to regulate the papal elections up to the year 1562. This year is a remarkable one in the history of the subject, because it was then that the whole body of the laws regulating papal elections was codified and amended by Pius IV., and his Bull forms the fundamental basis of the whole present law on the subject. Yet even more important was the Bull of Gregory XV. issued in 1621, which took a further step forward in the way of codification and emendation. Moreover it made one alteration of the greatest moment. The Bull of Pius IV. permitted the election to be made either in Conclave or out of it; but Gregory decreed that for the future the election should be made in Conclave only.

The constitution of Gregory XV. forms a complete code of the law of papal elections. But it only provided for an election to be conducted under normal conditions. Such circumstances as the loss of the Temporal Power, or the exile of the Pope, naturally did not present themselves to the minds

of Gregory and his predecessors. Down to the end of the last century the Popes took their place in Europe in the same way as any other crowned head. But then a great change took place. The flood of revolution was let loose, and Napoleon sprang upon an astonished world. The Pontiff at that time on the throne, Pius VI., felt the full force of the blast, and he soon saw the necessity of providing for a state of things hitherto strange in the annals of the Papacy. He began by issuing a Bull in February 1797, by which he made it lawful for the cardinals present in Rome to proceed at once to the election of a new Pontiff without waiting for those cardinals who might be prevented from coming to Rome by force of circumstances. Later in the same year he decreed that the cardinal electors should first of all deliberate on the best place for holding the Conclave, and that this should be held in the place decreed by the majority most convenient; and he further declared that the customary space of ten days need not necessarily be allowed to elapse before proceeding to the election. Events moved on rapidly, and in February 1798 the unfortunate Pius was hurried away by force from his ancestral seat to the monastery of the Certosa at Florence. From that retreat he issued another Bull intended to provide for the calamitous circumstances of the Holy See, by which he made it lawful for the space of ten days to be prolonged or abbreviated, and permitted a departure from the established ceremonies, solemnities, and customs hitherto observed, provided that they did not affect the substance of the elections. In particular he made it lawful for the cardinals to depart from that provision of the constitution of Paul IV. which forbade any discussion or arrangement relative to a future election prior to the death of the Pontiff; but at the same time he retained in force that portion of the provision forbidding any discussion or arrangement as to the particular person to be elected. He

then went on to provide for the possibility of his own death happening away from Rome, and decreed that the right of election should belong only to those cardinals of whom there happened to be a majority in the dominions of any one Catholic Prince, and those others who should go to join the former in that country. He further provided that these cardinals should name a place for holding the Conclave and summon the other cardinals thereto, and that the election should go forward without delay. This Bull came none too soon, for in August of the next year Pius died an exile at Valence, and passed, to use his own expression, from great troubles to eternal peace.

The provisions of this Bull were fully made use of in the following year, and in a Conclave held at Venice, Cardinal Chiaromonti ascended the throne under the title of Pius VII. Like his predecessor he suffered exile, but returned to Rome under the auspices of the Congress of Vienna. Both he, and at a subsequent date Gregory XVI., thought it necessary to re-enact the provisions of Pius VI.

It is unnecessary to enter at length into the history of the Pontificate of Pius IX. ; but special attention should be given to three Bulls published by him with reference to the election of his successors for the light they throw upon his relations with the kingdom of Italy, and upon the relations which that kingdom is likely to have with the Papacy in the future. The Bulls are the more worthy of attention because it is only lately that they have become generally known.

The first of the three was published on August 23rd, 1871, eleven months after the entry of the Italian troops into Rome, an event which deprived the Pope of the last vestige of the temporalities that then remained to him. In this Bull he begins by bewailing the miseries of the time and declaring his intention of following the example of Pius VI., in providing for the eventualities of the next election. He then declared it lawful for the cardinals on

his decease to depart from the rules laid down as to the time, the place, and the closing of the Conclave. He directed the cardinals present at the Curia at his death, to proceed without delay, "After making an accurate examination of the conditions of the times and of the conditions of Rome, to deliberate whether the election of the new Pontiff should be made in that city or out of it." Then come provisions to meet the possibility either of his being compelled to leave Rome to avoid greater evils or of his being taken away by force, in either of which events he might die away from the city. He therefore decreed that in such a case the election should take place wherever there should be assembled as many cardinals as exceeded only one-half of the number then living, whether in Conclave or out of it, without waiting for the lapse of the customary ten days or for the arrival of absent cardinals. In order to carry this out he directed that the cardinal, or if they be more than one the highest in dignity, or in the absence of cardinals the Apostolic Nuncio, or the bishop, who happened to be present in the place where he died, should notify his death to the Cardinal Deacon and as many other cardinals as possible. The Cardinal Deacon (in conjunction if possible with the three highest cardinals of each order and the Chancellor), are then to choose some convenient place for holding the election. This place is to be at once notified to the other cardinals, and they are to be summoned to an election forthwith. In conclusion he makes these regulations applicable not only to the election of his immediate successor, but also to successive elections, provided of course any new regulations are not made by future Pontiffs.

It is clear that at the date of this Bull Pius IX. had in mind the possibility of his making a voluntary flight of a similar kind to his earlier expedition to Gaeta, or of his being driven from Rome by actual violence. He also contemplated the possibility of grave obstacles being thrown in the

way of holding the Conclave at Rome, even in the event of his own death in that city. The whole Bull breathes the positive conviction that he had nothing to hope from the newly established kingdom, and that the breach would tend rather to widen than to narrow.

The second Bull is dated September, 1874, and is to the following purpose. It begins by confirming the former Bull and declaring that it is to remain in force and vigour, even although during the vacancy of the Holy See public order should remain undisturbed and though the dangers to be apprehended are removed. It proceeds, "We decree that to the College of Cardinals only or to a majority of them, and to no one else, belongs the right of judging the necessity or expediency of making use of all or any of the powers granted by us"; and then goes on to declare that though these powers are granted to them, nevertheless no change has been made in the laws in force relative to the conduct of affairs of the Holy See during the period of vacancy, and it particularly exhorts the cardinals in no way to recede from the full rights of the Apostolic See and the Roman Church. Next, after declaring that the usual customs and ceremonies of a Conclave may be dispensed with, it is decreed that what happens in the Conclave must be kept more strictly secret than ever. An exhortation follows to make the election, "Without showing an inclination or deference towards any one whatever, disregarding the opposition of the secular power." The next provisions are most important. It had been decreed by Gregory X. in the Council of Lyons that "The lords and other rulers or officials of the city in which the election of the Pontiff should be made should have authority and power to enforce the observation of the laws promulgated with regard to the said election." It had again been decreed by Clement V. in the Council of Vienna that certain powers should be granted to the authorities just named; and by a Bull of Pius IV. certain pro-

visions had been made with regard to the nomination of prelates, governors, civil officials, and others appointed to look after the Conclave. These provisions, made to ensure the fulfilment of the laws regulating the elections and entrusting certain civil authorities with powers for that very object, are now specifically and expressly repealed.

It is clear from this Bull that, as time went on, the hostility of Pius IX. towards the Kingdom of Italy and the Civil Power continued to grow. He seems to have been particularly afraid that the Civil Power might, during the vacancy of the Holy See which would ensue upon his death, and before the nomination of his successor, endeavour to come to some terms with the Sacred College. He is therefore most emphatic in his exhortation to the cardinals not to bate one jot of the rights of the Papacy. Moreover he appears to dread that some pressure would be put by the Civil Power upon the cardinals in making the election, and he particularly warns them to resist any influence of this sort. And lastly, in order to deprive the Civil Power of any pretext for interference in the election, he withdraws from the authorities named in the Bulls of Gregory X., Clement V., and Pius IV. the powers therein conferred upon them.

As though he had not done enough, Pius IX. issued yet another Bull on October 10th, 1877, just four months before his death. It consists of little more than a repetition of the two preceding ones, and forms but a pretext for the insertion of one important declaration to the following purpose:—

Considering the character, the catastrophes, and the manifest dangers of the present times, we cannot the less ardently desire that the place fixed upon for proceeding to the elections should be outside the confines of Italy. This desire of ours which we openly profess, we now commend very warmly to the cardinals of the Holy Roman Church. Therefore if, for reasons which we cannot foresee, it shall seem good to them to act differently, and if they think that the meetings for the election

should be called together in Rome or in some other part of Italy, our absolute desire and command is that, in case of any obstacle whatever being put in the way of the place or the persons of the Conclave, whether by public authority or by private individuals, much more if it is attempted to tie the hands of any cardinal or remove him in any way or hinder him from entering the Conclave, the meetings be at once dissolved and transferred to some more secure spot outside Italy, even although the voting may have begun.

The words of the Bull put it beyond the possibility of doubt that Pius IX. so mistrusted the Civil Power that he ardently desired the next election to be held outside Italy. And so great was the influence of his well-known wishes that the Sacred College very nearly acceded to them. In the first general congregation held in the Vatican upon the day after his death, the majority of the cardinals decided to hold the Conclave abroad; but the next morning this decision was reversed. Indeed, Pius himself hardly cherished the hope that his desires on this point would be fulfilled, and he therefore published some regulations to be observed by the Sacred College on the occasion of the vacancy of the Apostolic See. They were issued on January 10th, 1878, the day after the death of Victor Emmanuel, and less than a month before his own death. The following are some of its most important provisions bearing upon the relations to be observed toward the Civil Power:—

*Article 1.* The attitude of the Sacred College during the vacancy of the Holy See shall be the same as that held by it since the day of the occupation of Rome. Therefore (a) the cardinals neither individually nor collectively shall put themselves into relation with any governing authority whatever; (b) they shall dress and walk out in a private manner as hitherto; (c) they shall not perform any functions in public.

*Article 10.* If any person armed or accompanied by persons armed, presents himself at the doors of the Vatican with the object of invading it, the doors shall not be opened but they shall rather be left to be broken in by the invader.

*Article 12.* (in part.) The Chancellor, therefore, or any one else shall not receive any one who has declared his wish to come to perform acts of sovereignty, to possess himself of any part of the Vatican, or to violate in any way the rights of the Holy See.

*Article 13.* If the actual government should offer its services or support to the Sacred College, such offer may be made in two ways, in writing or verbally, by some representative of the said government presenting himself to the Cardinal Deacon or the Cardinal Chancellor. In the first case the cardinal shall abstain from replying to the said communication and instead shall direct to the Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Holy See a note, in which the said Corps shall be prayed to make known to the Government actually in occupation of Rome, (a) that the Sacred College mindful of its oaths cannot in any way change the situation left to them by the Pontiff, which ought to be transmitted intact to his successor; (b) that consequently the Sacred College cannot enter into relations with the Government, with which the Pontiff had no communication; (c) that besides, as far as the interior of the Apostolic Palace is concerned, it has no need of any assistance, and so far as external tranquillity is concerned, as it does not govern the city it has no responsibility. In the second case, where a representative of the Government shall demand an interview with the Cardinal Chancellor or the Cardinal Deacon the same shall receive him in the manner laid down in Article 12, and shall take advantage of the opportunity to make the same declarations and protests above stated in the case of a note being directed to the Diplomatic Corps. In any case no other member of the Sacred College shall be able to receive such visits and communications on the part of the actual government, but shall direct them to the Cardinal Heads of Orders, or the Cardinal Chancellor, with the object of preserving in these difficult moments the unity of authority, action, and direction.

*Article 14.* In case of external violence directed to provoke disorder or with the object of entering the Vatican, the Sacred College shall take the necessary measures, and shall give notice to the Diplomatic Corps, in order that order may be re-established and liberty restored to the cardinals.

*Article 15.* In case of an attempt to take possession of the library, the museums, the archives, or any other part of the

Vatican, the doors shall be shut, they shall be left to be knocked down and the necessary protest having been made by the Cardinal Chancellor, notice of the affair shall be given to the Diplomatic Corps by an official note.

*Article 16.* A like protest shall be made in the event of an attempt being made to disarm the guards of the Palace and substitute Italian forces for them.

These then are the principal provisions of the regulations which bear on the relations of the Holy See to the Italian Kingdom. It cannot be said that they breathe anything but a fixed determination of irreconcilability. Pius IX. moved heaven and earth to procure the next meeting of the Conclave outside Italy. Finding, as time passed, that this extreme step would probably not be taken, he endeavoured by all possible precautions to secure that the cardinals should hold no parley with the Roman authorities. These were indeed to be treated almost as non-existent, and no submission was to be made to them except under force.

The three Bulls and the Regulations of Pius IX. are the last words on Papal elections that have emanated from the Vatican. It is probable that Leo XIII. may have either simply re-enacted the Bulls of his predecessor or have modified them in certain particulars. What then are his intentions with regard to the next Conclave? Are we to expect it to be held under like conditions to the last or not? Is it possible or probable that the next election will be made outside Italy? To answer these questions a few facts must be taken into consideration.

On June 9th, 1889, a statue to Giordano Bruno was unveiled at Rome in the Campo di Fiori amidst great celebrations. This event gave much offence to the Pope, and a circular was issued by Cardinal Rampolla to the Catholic Powers intimating that it was impossible for the Pope to remain in Rome. On June 29th a secret Consistory was held, in which it is only known that the Pope spoke bitterly of the offending celebrations, and

that his departure from Rome was gravely discussed. It is more than probable that the provisions made by Pius IX. for holding a Conclave outside Italy were absolutely confirmed, or at any rate with some slight modifications. A still more curious event occurred later in the summer of the same year. Count Lefebvre de Béhaine, the French Ambassador at the Vatican, was at Paris, and during his absence M. Baylin de Monbel, the French *Chargé d'Affaires*, took a telegram to the Pope begging him to act quickly, for all was ready. The Pope replied that it was necessary to consider so important a matter, and requested M. de Monbel to call again in a couple of days. He did so, but Leo was unable to screw his courage to the sticking point, and the scheme so carefully arranged came to nothing.

These two incidents are of small importance in themselves, but they are straws which show the way of the wind. It is clear, not only that Leo XIII. is so incensed with the Roman Government that he is not indisposed to fly from the Vatican, but also that he is backed up by the French, or at least a section of the French which is influentially if not numerically important. And this supposition is confirmed by another incident of somewhat earlier date. In May, 1887, an attempt at reconciliation between the Pope and the Italian Government was made, the approaching jubilee of the former being deemed a fit time for effecting so felicitous a consummation. Unfortunately the Jesuits interfered to prevent it, and a high ecclesiastical functionary wrote to the Pope from Paris to say that the French Government looked upon it with disfavour, adding that it was their intention to re-open the Roman question upon a favourable opportunity. It is quite certain then that the Pope has the support of France in his quarrel with the Kingdom of Italy. The Papacy is, as Mr. Gladstone wrote in the days of Pius IX., the great political mendi-

cant of the world, and the French alone now are found inclined to hearken to its cries. They have not yet forgiven the Italians for having formed themselves into a powerful and united State; still less have they forgiven them for joining the Triple Alliance. In the Roman question they see the means of their revenge. It is the sword of Damocles that they hang over Italy. And the Pope on his side is not an unwilling agent. Like his predecessor he will have no parley with the Italian Kingdom. Whatever may be said of the Roman Pontiffs, they possess the virtue of heroic resistance; their obstinacy is sublime. It is impossible not to admire the unflinching determination of Pius VI. and Pius VII. not to submit except to force. And so it was with Pius IX. Having once made up his mind not to play the part of the liberal Pope any longer, he nailed his colours to the mast, and fought stoutly to the end. His successor is equally inflexible. At the close of last year he pronounced an allocution in which, referring to the attack on the Roman pilgrims in the Pantheon, he spoke bitterly of the enemies of the Apostolic See. And from this course he is not likely to cease so long as he receives the tacit support of France.

It is certain then, as well as anything can be, that Leo XIII. can have in no way diminished the vigour of the Bulls and Regulations of his predecessor with reference to the next Conclave. The probability is rather that he has increased them, especially with reference to the place of the Conclave. We must be prepared also for the possibility of his flight from Rome, in which case the Conclave would certainly be held outside Italy. And this is of more importance than at first sight appears. The Popes elected out of Rome are not so likely to be Italians. For seventy years the Holy See was established at Avignon, and during that period all the Popes, seven in number, were French. The establishment of the Holy See in

France or Spain may have, then, a more than merely local importance with regard to the future of the Papacy.

It is said the Sacred College did not, in electing Leo XIII., make use of the dispensing powers granted by the Bulls of his immediate predecessor. That is to some extent of good omen for the future amicable relations between the Kingdom and the Papacy. Nevertheless it remains only too true that the Popes refuse to accept the accomplished fact of the new situation. They refuse to see in it anything but a hindrance to their spiritual authority. An eminent English Catholic in the world of letters has lately tried to show not only that the Temporal Power is a good and desirable thing in itself, but has also ventured to point out what he considers to be a possible *modus vivendi* between the Quirinal and the Vatican. He declares, however, that the present position of the Pope is one of irreconcilability. He stigmatises the Law of Guarantees as a delusion and a snare: a delusion because it is a mere statement of the Italian Government; a snare because the Pope by accepting it would reduce himself to the position of a mere pensioner, a position to which death itself would be preferable. Yet what is the *modus vivendi* which he suggests as possible? It is that the Law of Guarantees should be a guarantee not merely of the Italian Government, but of the Powers of Europe, and that the Pope should have real property assigned to him of sufficient value to enable him to defray the expenses of his government. But if there is one thing that more than anything else demonstrates the hopelessness of the Pope's claim for the Temporal Power, it is surely his suggestion of an International guarantee. That is certainly one thing that the Italian Government would never tolerate. Nor does the eminent writer in question help to assuage the irritation, or bridge over the gulf, by assailing the Italian Government with invective, and by such assertions as that it is

supported merely by revolutionary and anti-Christian sectaries. That is only adding fuel to the fire, and rendering reconciliation more remote than ever.

And the Pope's hostility towards the Italian Kingdom seems to grow with the lapse of time, as the following incidents show. The year 1891 was the first year that the Bishops of Savoy omitted to send birthday congratulations to the King of Italy. Who can doubt that they took their cue from the Vatican? Again, when the King and Queen of Italy went lately to Palermo, the Archbishop had instructions from the Vatican not to take part in the reception, nor to

officiate in the *Te Deum*. And this conduct is emphasised by the fact that the archbishopric of Palermo is a piece of Crown patronage. Who can wonder that some Italians are found to advocate the abolition or modification of the Law of Guarantees? It is also too true that the French, or a section of them, are prepared to support the Popes in their pretensions, if thereby they can inflict a wound on Italian unity. This being so, and until wiser counsels prevail, we must be prepared for the possibility of seeing the Papal elections conducted in the abnormal manner expected and even desired by Pius IX.

C. B. ROYLANCE KENT.

## A CHAPTER ON PLATO.

## I.

WITH the world of intellectual production, as with that of organic generation, Nature makes no sudden starts. *Natura nihil facit per saltum*; and in the history of philosophy there are no absolute beginnings. Fix where we may the origin of this or that doctrine or idea, the doctrine of "reminiscence," for instance, or of "the Perpetual Flux," the theory of "induction," or the philosophic view of things generally, the specialist will still be able to find us some earlier anticipation of that doctrine, that mental tendency. The most elementary act of mental analysis takes time to do; the most rudimentary sort of speculative knowledge, abstractions so simple that we can hardly conceive the human mind without them, must grow and with difficulty. Philosophy itself, mental and moral, has its preparation, its forethoughts, in the poetry that preceded it. A powerful generalisation thrown into some salient phrase, such as the *πάντα ῥεῖ* of Heraclitus, may startle a particular age by its novelty; but takes possession there only because its root, all along, was somewhere among the natural though but half-developed instincts of the human mind itself. Plato has seemed to many no less than the creator of philosophy; and it is an immense step he makes, from the crude or turbid beginnings of scientific inquiry with the Ionians or the Eleatics, to that wide range of perfectly finished philosophical literature. His encyclopædic view of the whole domain of knowledge is more than a mere step in a progress. Nothing that went before it, for compass and power and charm, had been really

comparable to it. Plato's achievement may well seem an absolutely fresh thing in the morning of the mind's history. Yet, in truth, the world Plato had entered into was already almost weary of philosophical debate, bewildered by the oppositions of sects, the claims of rival schools. Language and the processes of thought were already become sophisticated, the very air he breathed sickly with offcast speculative atoms. In the *Timæus*, dealing with the origin of the universe, he figures less as the author of a new theory, than as already an eclectic critic of older ones, himself somewhat perplexed by theory and counter-theory. Some of the results of patient earlier thinkers, even then dead and gone, are of the structure of his philosophy; not like the stray carved corner of some older edifice, here or there amid the new, but everywhere in it, like minute relics of earlier organic life in the very stone he builds with. The central and most intimate principles of his teaching challenge us to go back beyond them, not merely to his own immediate, somewhat enigmatic, master,—to Socrates, who survives chiefly in his pages—but to various precedent schools of speculative thought, in Greece, in Ionia, in Italy; beyond these into that age of poetry, in which the first efforts of philosophic apprehension had hardly understood themselves; beyond that unconscious philosophy, again, to certain constitutional tendencies, persuasions, forecasts of the intellect itself, such as had given birth, it would seem, to thoughts akin to Plato's in the older civilisations of India and of Egypt as they still exercise their authority over ourselves. The thoughts of Plato, like the language he has to use (we

find it so again, in turn, with those predecessors of his, when we pass from him to them), are covered with the traces of previous labour and have had their earlier proprietors. If at times we become aware in reading him of certain anticipations of modern knowledge, we are also quite obviously among the relics of an older, a poetic, or half-visionary world. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that in Plato, in spite of his wonderful savour of literary freshness, there is nothing absolutely new; or rather, as in many other very original products of human genius, the seemingly new is old also, a palimpsest, a tapestry of which the actual threads have served before; or like the animal frame itself, every particle of which has already lived and died many times over. Nothing but the life-giving principle of cohesion is new; the new perspective, the resultant complexion, the expressiveness, which familiar thoughts attain by novel juxtaposition. In other words, the *form* is new. But then, in the creation of philosophical literature, as in all other products of art, form (in the full signification of that word), form is everything, and the mere matter is nothing.

## II.

There are three different ways in which the criticism of philosophic, of all speculative opinion whatever, may be conducted. The doctrines of Plato's *Republic*, for instance, may be regarded as so much truth or falsehood, to be accepted, or rejected, as such by the student of to-day. That is the dogmatic method of criticism; judging every product of human thought, however alien or distant from one's self, by its congruity with the assumptions of Bacon or Spinoza, of Mill or Hegel, according to the mental preference of the particular critic. There is, secondly, the more generous Eclectic, or Syncretic, method, which aims at a selection from contending schools of the various grains of truth dispersed

among them. It is the method which has prevailed in periods of large reading but with little inceptive force of their own, like that of the Alexandrian Neo-Platonism in the third century, or the Neo-Platonism of Florence in the fifteenth. Its natural defect is in the tendency to misrepresent the true character of the doctrine it professes to explain, that it may harmonise so much the better with other elements of a pre-conceived system. Dogmatic and Eclectic criticism alike have in our own century, under the influence of Hegel and his predominant theory of the ever-changing "Time-spirit" or *Zeitgeist*, given way to a third method of criticism, the Historic method; which bids us replace the doctrine, the system, we may be busy with, or such an ancient monument of philosophic thought as the *Republic*, as far as possible in the group of conditions, intellectual, social, material, amid which it was actually produced, if we would really understand it. That ages have their genius as well as the individual; that in every age there is a peculiar *ensemble* of conditions which determines a common character in every product of that age, in business and art, in fashion and speculation, in religion and manners, in men's very faces; that nothing man has projected from himself is really intelligible except at its own date, and from its proper point of view in the never-resting Secular Process; the solidarity of philosophy, of the intellectual life, with common or general history; that what it behoves the student of philosophic systems to cultivate is the "historic sense": by force of these convictions many a normal, or at first sight abnormal, phase of speculation has found a reasonable meaning for us. As the strangely twisted pine-tree, which would be a freak of Nature on an English lawn, is seen to have been the creature of necessity, of the logic of certain facts, if we replace it, in thought, amid the contending forces of the Alpine torrent that actually shaped its growth; so, beliefs the most fan-

tastic, the "Communism" of Plato, for instance, have their natural propriety when duly correlated with those facts, those conditions round about them, of which they are in truth a part. In the intellectual, as in the organic, world the given product, its normal or abnormal characteristics, are determined, as people say, by the "environment." The business of the young scholar therefore, in reading Plato, is not to take his side in a controversy, to adopt or refute Plato's opinions, to modify, or make apology for, what may seem erratic or impossible in him; still less, to furnish himself with arguments on behalf of some theory or conviction of his own. His duty is rather to watch intelligently, but with strict indifference, the mental process there, as he might watch a game of skill; better still, as in reading *Hamlet* or the *Divine Comedy*, so in reading the *Republic*, to entertain for its dramatic interest the spectacle of a powerful, of a sovereign intellect translating itself, amid a complex group of conditions which can never in the nature of things occur again, at once pliant and resistant to them, into a great literary monument. To put Plato into his natural place, as a result from antecedent and contemporary movements of Greek speculation, of Greek life generally,—such is the proper aim of the historic, that is to say, of the really critical study of him.

### III.

At the threshold, then, of the *Republic* of Plato, the historic spirit impresses upon us the fact that some of its leading thoughts are partly derivative from earlier thinkers, of whom we happen to possess independent information. From that brilliant and busy, yet so unconcerned, press of the early Greek life, one here, another there stands aside to make the initial act of conscious philosophic reflection. It is done with something of the simplicity, the immediate and visible effectiveness, of the visible world in

action all around. Among Plato's many intellectual predecessors, on whom in recent years much attention has been bestowed by a host of commentators after the mind of Hegel, three emerge distinctly in close connection with the *Republic*, whose ideas, whose words even, we really find in the very texture of Plato's work: Pythagoras, the dim, half-legendary founder of the philosophy of number and music; Parmenides, "My father Parmenides," the centre of the school of Elea; Heraclitus, thirdly, author of the doctrine of "the Perpetual Flux": three teachers, it must be admitted after all, of whom what knowledge we have is to the utmost degree fragmentary and vague. But then, one way of giving that knowledge greater definiteness is by noting their direct and actual influence in Plato's writings.

Heraclitus, too, the first prose-writer of philosophy,—a philosophy, half poetic figure, half generalised fact, in style crabbed and obscure, yet stimulant, invasive, not to be forgotten—he too might be thought, as a prose-writer, one of the "fathers" of Plato. His influence on Plato, however, was by way of antagonism or reaction; Plato's stand against any philosophy of motion becoming, as we say, something of a "fixed idea" with him. Heraclitus of Ephesus (what Ephesus must have been just then is denoted by the fact that it was one of the twelve cities of the Ionian League), died about forty years before Plato was born. Here then at Ephesus, the much frequented centre of the religious life of Ionia, itself so lately emancipated from its tyrants, of ancient hereditary rank, an aristocrat by birth and temper, amid all the bustle of still undiscredited Greek democracy, he had reflected, not to his peace of mind, on the mutable character of political as well as of physical existence; perhaps, early as it was, on the mutability of intellectual systems also, that modes of thought and practice had already been in and out of fashion. Empires

certainly had lived and died around; and here, in Ephesus as elsewhere, the privileged class had gone to the wall. In this era of unrestrained youthfulness, of Greek youthfulness, it is one of the haughtiest of that class, as being also of nature's aristocracy, and a man of powerful intellectual gifts, Heraclitus asserts the native liberty of thought at all events; becomes, we might truly say, sickly with "the pale cast" of his metaphysical questioning. Amid the irreflective actors in that rapidly moving show, so entirely immersed in it, superficial as it is, that they have no feeling of themselves, he becomes self-conscious. He reflects; and his reflection has the characteristic melancholy of youth when it is forced suddenly to bethink itself, and for a moment feels already old and the temperature of the world about it sensibly colder. Its very ingenuousness, its sincerity, will make the utterance of what comes to mind just then somewhat shrill or over-emphatic. Yet Heraclitus, thus superbly turning aside from the vulgar to think so early in the impetuous spring-tide of Greek history, does but reflect, after all, the superficial aspect of what actually surrounds him, when he cries out,—his philosophy was no matter of formal treatise or system, but of harsh, protesting cries—*Πάντα χωρεῖ καὶ οὐδὲν μένει*. There had been inquirers before him, of another sort, purely physical inquirers, whose bold, contradictory, seemingly impious guesses how and of what primary elements the world of visible things, the sun, the stars, the brutes, their own souls and bodies, had been composed, were themselves a part of the bold enterprise of that romantic age; a series of intellectual adventures, of a piece with its adventures in unknown lands or upon the sea. The resultant intellectual chaos expressed the very spirit of gifted and sanguine but insubordinate youth (remember, that the word *νεότης*, *youth*, came to mean rashness, insolence), questioning, deciding, rejecting, on mere rags and

tatters of evidence, unbent to discipline, unmethodical, irresponsible. Those opinions, too, coming and going, those conjectures as to what underlay the sensible world, were themselves but fluid elements on the changing surface of existence. Surface, we say; but was there really anything beneath it? That was what to the majority of his hearers, his readers, Heraclitus, with an eye perhaps on practice, seemed to deny. Perpetual motion, alike in things and in men's thoughts about them; the sad, self-conscious, philosophy of Heraclitus, like one, in that barely adolescent world, knowing beyond his years and so eager to instruct it, makes no pretence to be able to restrain that. Was not the very essence of thought itself also such perpetual motion?—a baffling transition from the dead past, alive one moment since to a present, itself deceased in turn ere we can say, It is here? A keen analyst of the facts of nature and mind, a master presumably of all the knowledge that then there was, a vigorous definer of thoughts, he does but refer the superficial movement of all persons and things around him to deeper and still more masterful currents of universal change, stealthily withdrawing the apparently solid earth itself from beneath one's feet. The principle of disintegration, the incoherency of fire or flood (for Heraclitus these are but lively figures of movements, subtler yet more wasteful than those obvious cosmic ones), are inherent in the primary elements alike of matter and of the soul. *Λέγει πον Ἡράκλειτος*, writes Aristotle, *ὅτι πάντα χωρεῖ καὶ οὐδὲν μένει*. But the principle of lapse of waste, was, in fact, in one's self; *εἰμὲν τε καὶ οὐκ εἰμὲν*. "No one has ever passed twice over the same stream." Nay! the passenger himself is without identity. Upon the same stream at the same moment we do, and do not, embark: for we are, and are not. And this rapid change, if it did not make all knowledge impossible, made it wholly relative, of a

kind (that is to say) valueless in the judgment of Plato; and "man," the individual, at this particular vanishing-point of time and place, "the measure of all things."

To know after what manner [says Socrates in the *Cratylus*, after discussing the question in what proportion names, fleeting names, contribute to our knowledge of things], to know after what manner we must be taught, or discover for ourselves, the things that really are (*τὰ ὄντα*) is perhaps beyond the measure of your powers and mine. We must even content ourselves with the admission of this, that, not from their names, but much rather themselves from themselves, they must be learned and looked for. . . . For consider, *Cratylus*!—a point I oftentimes dream on—whether or no we may affirm that what is beautiful and good *is* itself, and whatever is, respectively, in itself, *is* something? *Crat.* To me at least, Socrates, it seems to be something. *Soc.* Let us consider then, that in itself; not whether a face, or anything of that kind, is beautiful, and whether all these things seem to flow like water. But, what is beautiful in itself, —may we say?—has not this the qualities that define it always? *Crat.* It must be so. *Soc.* Can we then, if it is ever passing out below, predicate about it: first, that it *is* that; next, that it has this or that *quality*; or must it not be that, even as we speak, it should straightway become some *other* thing, and go out under on its way, and be no longer as it is? . . . Now, how could that which is never in the same state be a thing at all? Nor, in truth, could it be an object of knowledge to any one; for, even as he who shall know comes upon it, it would become another thing with other qualities; so that it would be no longer matter of knowledge what sort of a thing it is, or in what condition. Now, no form of knowing, methinks, has knowledge of that which it knows to be no-how. *Crat.* It is as you say. *Soc.* But if, *Cratylus*, all things change sides, and nothing stays, it is not fitting to say that there is any knowing at all. . . . And the consequence of this argument would be, that there is neither any one to know, nor anything to be known. If, on the other hand, there be that which knows, and that which is known; and if the Beautiful *is*, and the Good *is*, and each one of those things that really are, *is*, then, to my thinking, those things in no way resemble that moving stream of which we are now

speaking. Whether, then, these matters be thus, or in that other way as the followers of Heraclitus affirm and many besides, I fear may be no easy thing to search out. But certainly it is not like a sensible man committing one's self, and one's own soul, to the rule of names, to serve them, and, with faith in names and those who imposed them, as if one knew something thereby, to maintain, (damaging thus the character of that which is, and his own,) that there is no sound ring in any one of them, but that all, like earthen pots, let water.

## IV.

Yet that there was another side to the doctrine of Heraclitus, we may understand from certain fragments which name already the eternal *Logos*; an attempt on his part, after all, to reduce that world of chaotic mutation to *Cosmos*, to the unity of a reasonable order, by the search for and the notation, if there be such, of an antiphonal rhythm, or logic; which, proceeding uniformly from movement to movement as in some intricate musical theme, might link together in one those contending, infinitely diverse impulses. It was an act of recognition, even on the part of a philosophy of the inconsecutive, the incoherent, the insane, of that Wisdom which, says the son of Sirach, "reacheth from end to end, sweetly and strongly ordering all things!" Yes! That musical spirit might be heard, though faintly, singing in the distant background. But if the Weeping Philosopher, the first of the pessimists, finds the ground of his melancholy in the sense of universal change, still more must he weep at the dulness of men's ears to that continuous strain of melody throughout it. In truth, what was sympathetic with the hour and the scene in the Heraclitean doctrine, was the boldly aggressive, the paradoxical and negative tendency there, in natural collusion, as it was, with the destructiveness of undisciplined youth; that sense of rapid dissolution, which, according to one's temperament and one's luck in things, might

extinguish, or kindle all the more eagerly, an interest in the mere phenomena of existence, of one's so hasty passage through the world.

The theory of the Perpetual Flux was indeed an apprehension of which the full scope was only to be realised by a later age, in alliance with a larger knowledge of the natural world, a closer observation of the phenomena of mind, than was possible, even for Heraclitus, at that early day. So, the seeds of almost all scientific ideas were dimly enfolded, it might seem, in the mind of antiquity; and fecundated, admitted to their full working prerogative, one by one in after ages by good favour of the special intellectual conditions belonging to a particular generation, which, on a sudden, finds itself preoccupied by a formula, not so much new, as renovated by new application. It is in this way that the most modern metaphysical, and the most modern empirical, philosophies, alike, have illustrated emphatically, justified, expanded, the divination (we may make bold to call it under the new light now thrown upon it) of the ancient theorist of Ephesus. The entire modern theory of "development," in all its various phases proved or unprovable, what is it but old Heracliteanism awake once more, in a new world and grown to full proportions? Πάντα χωρεῖ, πάντα βᾶι: it is the burden of Hegel on the one hand, to whom Nature, and art, and polity, and philosophy, ay! and religion too, each in its long historic series, are but so many conscious movements in the secular process of the eternal mind; and on the other hand of Darwin and Darwinism, for which, "type" itself, properly, is not, but is only always *becoming*. The bold paradox of Heraclitus is, in effect, repeated on all sides, as the vital persuasion, just now, of a cautiously-reasoned experience; and in illustration of the very law of change which it asserts, may itself presently be superseded as a commonplace. Think of all that subtly-disguised movement,

*latens processus*, Bacon calls it (again, as if by a kind of anticipation), which modern research has detected, measured, hopes to reduce to minuter, or ally to still larger, currents, in what had seemed most substantial to the naked eye, the inattentive mind! To the "observation and experiment" of the physical enquirer of to-day, the eye and the sun it lives by reveal themselves, after all, as Heraclitus had declared (scarcely serious, he seemed, to those around him), as literally in constant extinction and renewal; the sun only going out more gradually than the human eye; the system meanwhile of which it is the centre, in ceaseless movement no-whither. Our terrestrial planet is in constant increase by meteoric dust, moving to it through endless time out of infinite space. The Alps drift down the rivers into the plains, as still loftier mountains found their level there ages ago. The granite kernel of the earth, it is said, is ever changing in its very substance, its molecular constitution, by the passage through it of electric currents. And that Darwinian theory,—that "species," the identifying forms of animal and vegetable life, immutable though they seem, now as of old in the Garden of Eden are fashioned by slow development, while perhaps millions of years go by—well! every month is adding to its evidence. Nay, the idea of development,—that, too, a thing of growth, developed in the progress of reflection—is at last invading one by one, as the secret of their explanation, all the products of mind, the very mind itself, the abstract reason,—our certainty, for instance, that two and two make four. We have come gradually to think, or feel, that primary certitude. Political constitutions, again, as we now see so clearly, are not made, cannot be made, but grow. Races, laws, arts, have their origins and end, are themselves ripples only on the great river of organic life; and language is changing on our very lips.

## V.

In Plato's day, the Heraclitean Flux, so deep down in Nature itself, —the flood, the fire—seemed to have laid hold on man, on the social and moral world, dissolving, or disintegrating, opinion, first principles, faith, establishing amorphism, so to call it, there also. All along, indeed, the genius, the good gifts of Greece to the world had had much to do with the mobility of its temperament. Only, when Plato came into potent contact with his countrymen (Pericles, Phidias, Socrates being now gone), in politics, in literature and art, in men's characters, the defect naturally incident to that fine quality had come to have unchecked sway. From the lifeless background of an unprogressive world, —Egypt, Syria, frozen Scythia—a world in which the unconscious social aggregate had been everything, the conscious individual, his capacity and rights, almost nothing, the Greek had stepped forth, like the young Prince in the fable, to set things going; which, however, to the philosophic eye generally, about the time when the history of Thucydides leaves off, seemed to need a regulator ere the very wheels wore themselves out. Mobility!—we do not think that a necessarily undesirable condition of life, of mind, of the physical world about us. 'Tis the dead things, we may remind ourselves, that, after all, are most entirely at rest; and might reasonably hold that motion (vicious, fallacious, infectious, motion, as Plato inclines to think) covers all that is best worth being. And as for philosophy, —mobility, versatility, the habit of thought that can most adequately follow the subtle movement of things, that, surely! were the secret of wisdom, of the true knowledge of them. It means susceptibility, sympathetic intelligence, capacity, in short. It was the spirit of God that moved, moves still, in every form of real power, everywhere. Yet to Plato motion becomes the token of unreality in things, of falsity in our

thoughts about them. It is just this principle of mobility, that, with all his contriving care for the future, he desires to withstand. Everywhere he displays himself as an advocate of the immutable. *The Republic* is a proposal to establish that indefectibly in a very precisely-regulated, a very exclusive community, which shall be a refuge for elect souls from an ill-made world.

That four powerful influences made for the political unity of Greece was pointed out by Grote; common blood, common language, a common religious centre, the great games in which all alike communicated. He adds that they failed to make the Greeks one people. Pan-hellenism was realised for the first time, and then but imperfectly, by Alexander the Great. The centrifugal tendency had ever been too much for the centripetal tendency in them, the progressive elements for the element of order. Their boundless impatience, that passion for novelty noted in them by Saint Paul, had been a matter of radical character. Their varied natural gifts did but concentrate themselves now and then to an effective centre, that they might be dissipated again, towards every side, in daring adventure alike of action and of thought. Variety and novelty of experience, further quickened by a consciousness trained to an equally nimble power of movement, individualism, the capacities, the claim, of the individual, forced into their utmost play by a ready sense and dexterous appliance of opportunity; herein, certainly, lay at least one-half of their vocation in history. The material conformation of Greece, a land of islands and peninsulas, and broken up by repellent lines of mountain this way and that, nursing jealously a little township of three or four thousand souls into an independent type of its own, conspired to the same effect. Independence, local and personal, — it was the Greek ideal! Yet of one side only of that ideal, as may be seen, of the still half-Asiatic, rather than the full Hellenic ideal, of the Ionian

ideal, as conceived by the Athenian people in particular, people of the coast who have the roaming thoughts of sailors, ever ready to float away anywhere amid their walls of wood. And for many of its admirers, certainly, the whole Greek people has been a people of the sea-coast. Lacedæmon, however, as Plato and others thought, hostile, inaccessible, in its mountain hollow where it had no need of any walls at all, there were resources for that discipline and order which constitute the other ingredient in a true Hellenism, the saving Dorian soul in it. Right away thither, to that solemn old mountain village, now mistress of Greece, he looks often, in depicting the perfect City, the ideal State. Perfection everywhere, we may conceive, is attainable only through a certain combination of opposites, Attic *ἀλεια* with the Doric *ὄξος*; and in the Athens of Plato's day, as he saw with acute prevision, those centrifugal forces had come to be ruinously in excess of the centripetal. Its rapid, empiric, constitutional changes, the subdivisions of parties there, the dominance of faction as we see it steadily increasing, breeding on itself, in the pages of Thucydides, justify Plato's long-drawn paradox that it is easier to wrestle against many than against one. The soul, moreover, the inward polity of the individual, was the theatre of a similar dissolution; and truly stability of character had never been a prominent feature in Greek life. Think of the end of Pausanias failing in his patriotism, of

Themistocles, of Miltiades, the saviours of Greece in a kind of consecrated age, actually selling the country they had so dearly bought to its old enemies. It is something in this way that, for Plato, motion and the philosophy of motion identify themselves with the vicious tendency in things and thought. Change is the irresistible law of our being, says the Philosophy of Motion. Change, he protests, through the power of a true philosophy, shall not be the law of our being; and it is curious to note the way in which, consciously or unconsciously, that philosophic purpose shapes his treatment, even in minute detail, of education, of art, of daily life, his very vocabulary, in which such pleasant or innocent words, as "manifold," "embroidered," "changeeful," become the synonymes of what is evil. He, first, notes something like a fixed cycle of political change; but conceives it (being change) as, from the first, backward towards decadence. The ideal city, again, will not be an art-less place; it is by irresistible influence of art, he means to shape men anew; by a severely monotonous art, however, such art as shall speak to youth, all day long from year to year, almost exclusively of the loins girded about.

Stimulus, or correction! One hardly knows which to ask for first, as more salutary for our own slumbersome, yet so self-willed northern temperaments. Perhaps all genuine fire, even the Heraclitean fire, has a power for both.

WALTER PATER.

## AN OVER-ADMINISTERED NATION.

THE population of Germany consists of two classes: the people who make rules and regulations and the people who have to obey them. The first class comprises a number of officials respectfully, if vaguely, alluded to as *Die Verwaltung* (the Administration), and includes a great many persons from the sovereign down to the policeman; the second class embraces the rest of the population of Germany, —some fifty-three millions.

Englishmen travel fast, and travel mostly for pleasure; so that they hardly notice what becomes rather important if one stays long in any part of the country, the extent to which the Administration regulates the private life of the citizen. To take a simple instance, every one has observed the difficulty of getting the particular carriage and seat in a railway train that one may happen to want. Most of us are content to set this down as one of the little peculiarities of German officials which must be humoured or smoothed over. But at the bottom of this curious practice (as at the bottom of everything German) lies a theory. That theory is the direct opposite of what an Englishman would expect, and includes three propositions. (1) It is the guard's duty to open the door of the carriage. (2) He must only open it to a passenger travelling to one of the stations at which the carriage will stop. (3) Such a passenger must be provided with the proper ticket. These involve three corresponding duties on the passenger's part. (1) He must purchase the proper ticket. (2) He must wait on the platform till the guard assigns him a seat. (3) He must take that seat and stay there till he is let out. Thus railway travelling is not such a simple matter

as an Englishman is accustomed to think it. These rules are less rigidly insisted on if you are travelling by first-class; for that implies wealth, and you may be a person with whom it is as well, even for that great person the guard, to be on good terms. If you are travelling by any other class and you show in the slightest particular a disposition to flout the regulations you will feel the heavy hand of the Administration at once.

The hand of the Administration is heavy in Germany because it is guided by a strong head. This is best understood by a particular instance. The Kingdom of Saxony, to take an example, is divided into four *Kreishauptmannschaften*, and the head of each of these is appointed by the King. He corresponds directly with the Minister of the Interior (who is also appointed by the King), and is assisted by an elected council (*Kreisausschuss*), whose advice he is not obliged to take. He stands in a similar position to a Lord-Lieutenant with real administrative authority. Under him are various *Amtshauptmannschaften*, with a hierarchy of small officials under them, and as each *Amtshauptmann* hopes to be a *Kreishauptmann* some day, and each *Kreishauptmann* may aspire to be a Minister, it is clear that the chances of a factious opposition arising in any *Kreishauptmannschaft* are exceedingly small. If any one shows a turbulent spirit he knows that the Minister and the King are making a note of it, and that his behaviour will count against him if he should ever desire anything from the Administration. Be it said at once that in this particular case it happens that the King is a man of great ability in many directions, a man who would have made his mark

in any rank, and also a man of inexhaustible courtesy, kindheartedness and tact; an able and sagacious ruler in every respect.

Be it also said that the fondness of the German citizen for being looked after is such that what makes an Englishman most merry, seems to the German not only natural but agreeable. It is not, in fact, that the Germans put up with their Administration; they enjoy it.

It may be worth while then to note, in no unfriendly spirit, how much interference with the subject this powerful Administration thinks necessary in one or two directions. Everybody's railway experience is the same; but a step further on and most travellers note nothing more because it is not forced on their attention. Take a public garden. On the back of one seat may be read, "*Nicht dravstreten* (Do not stand on the seat)." On the back of the next, "*Nur für Erwachsene* (Only for grown-up people)." The use of the latter notice is twofold: it gives a self-important citizen a chance of turning out half-a-dozen children and taking the seat for himself, which is gratifying; and secondly it opens a fine field for administrative functionaries to consider whether a given occupant is grown up or not. A little further on we find, "*Hunde sind an kurzer Leine zu führen* (Dogs to be led in a short leash)"; *kurzer* being in spaced capitals. The enormity of having a dog in a long leash is not so clear as the discomfort to oneself in leading him. This last notice is a very good example of a class of notices forbidding things that one would not think of doing if they were not suggested.

A little further on comes "*Kein Einlass für Kinderwagen* (No perambulators allowed here)," which is good; and yet a little further, "*Spielplatz* (Playground)," which is thoughtful of the Administration, and here you will see not much except perambulators, nurses, and children. On a pump you will often see, "*Kein Trinkwasser, nur*

*Nützswasser* (This water is for general purposes, not for drinking)."

To sum up, you may sit on this bench but not on that; you may stand on this and not on the other; you may draw this water but you may not drink it; you may take your children here but not there, and you may take your dogs nowhere except in a *short* leash. Might not all this paint have been saved, even to the notice about the dogs, seeing that besides being led in a leash they have to be muzzled and registered in the Police Station?

One notice you do not see in a German public park, and that is, *Keep off the grass*. The reason for this is the same as led the Fathers to provide no punishment for parricide; it does not enter into the heads of the Administration that any one would be guilty of such an enormity. The parallel outrage in England would be if a man were to take an axe into Hyde Park and begin cutting down the trees. The one event which can move a German citizen to interfere, even by speech, with a province of the Administration is to see an Englishman walking on the grass.

In a piece of forest land laid out in walks near a health-resort I saw a number of boards suggesting various transgressions to my virgin mind, and among them the following very fierce notice:—"WARNUNG [in very large capitals]. *Das Rauchen aus offenen Tabakspfeifen oder von Cigarren sowie der Gebrauch hell brennender Anzündmittel am oder im Walde ausserhalb der öffentlichen Fahrwege ist bei Zwei Mark-Pf. Strafe, verboten.*" It was a very hot day, and this was the last notice that I came to. So I read it through twice, and, as the sense did not come quickly, I copied it down and retired to the shade to take off my hat and think it over. I think it means that you may smoke a pipe with a cover to it anywhere in the woods, but that you may only smoke open pipes and cigars, or strike matches, on the public paths. The reason is obvious and laudable; it is

to prevent the forest from being burnt down; but I was reminded of the notice that I saw in one of the comic papers some time since, alleged to have been discovered at the top of the Matterhorn: "Notice! This hill is dangerous to cyclists."

Outside the wood was a moderate slope down which the road wound to the river; the slope was perhaps as steep as St. James's Street. At the top was a notice, "*Radfahrer: Bergab absteigen* (Cyclists! get off going downhill)." How do German cyclists manage to stomach that?

But the most carefully administered of all German subjects is the traveller by tramway. The following are some only, perhaps one half, of the notices affecting the traffic in one single tram-car. (1) "Keep your ticket till the end of the journey to prevent its re-issue, and show it to the inspector when he requires it." (2) "Get out to the right." (3) "All chattering with passengers is strictly forbidden to the officials." (4) "Any one who gets out or in while the car is in motion does so at his own risk." (5) "Out of consideration for your fellow-passengers, please do not spit in the carriages." Even the Administration dare not put that in any other form than a request.

Let no man suppose that these minute regulations are to be disregarded; let him be equally slow to conclude that they are as ridiculous as they appear. They suit the people, and are in some respects an improvement on English ways. To mention one: the really admirable plan of making every cabman driving to the opera exact his fare before he starts. But they are undeniably inquisitorial; and a nation ought to be able to manage some of the simplest actions of life without so much help from its appointed officers. To take one or two miscellaneous examples: you cannot hire a cab at a railway-station without taking a ticket from the cab-inspector, and then you must hire the cab whose number corresponds with your ticket. You may not take

tickets at the opera except on the second day before, or else on the morning of the performance. You may not water plants on the window-sill lest they should fall over. You may not put milk in a beer-bottle lest you should poison yourself. This last regulation is very stringent indeed. I wanted some milk in a hurry the other day for a picnic, and the milkman said that unfortunately he had no bottles. Of the many dozen empty ones in the shop he flatly declined to fill a single one, alleging that they were not meant for milk. He pointed to the Administration's stamp on the stopper, which consecrated the bottle to beer for ever, and assured me that it could not be made worth his while to offend that silent witness. I marvelled, and went empty away. I have a profound admiration for Germany and all her works; but I hope it is no offence to the great Empire to say that in some of her dealings with her citizens she often reminds me of the immortal sketch in *Punch*, whereof the legend runs, "Go and see what baby is doing, and tell him not to."

The business controlled by the Administration may be generally described as everything in the country except the Army. The Army and the Administration practically divide the attention of the country; and the genuine importance of the Administration arising from the duties they have to perform is enhanced by the relative absence of other careers for talent. The Navy and the Colonial Office are (if one may venture to say so) as yet comparatively in their infancy, while the Bar and the Church do not take the same position in Germany as they do in England. On the other hand Medicine takes a position slightly better; but on the whole there remain only two really fine careers, the Army and the Administration.

The effect of all this on the German nature,—quite sufficiently prepared, in any case, to take itself seriously—may be imagined. No doubt the Administration is good, but the notion of his

own importance which is entertained by every one connected with it is exaggerated. You feel this very strongly if you have had anything to do with English offices. An Englishman, with rare exceptions, is a gentleman first and an official afterwards. He construes the rules which govern your application as favourably to you as possible, and gladly stretches a point if he can. If he is obliged to refuse you he shows you how his hands are tied, and perhaps suggests some other way by which you may attain part, at any rate, of your object. He does not carry himself as if he were administering you, and as if you ought to be grateful to him for the attention. Far different is your reception if your business lies a little off the lines of ordinary routine in Germany. Hardly have you framed your request when the answer comes back like the crack of a whip, "*Nein! das geht nicht* (No! that cannot be done)." You mumble excuses, which are acknowledged with a grand bow and a, "*Bitte sehr! Adieu!* (Don't mention it; good morning)"—courteous but unencouraging. In fact the grand difference resides herein; the English Administration, knowing itself to be human, does not pretend to perfection, and thinks it quite natural that a point might be raised now and again which it has not foreseen. On the other hand, the German Administration rather resents a suggestion that everything is not being done for you that you can reasonably want; and I think that is a sign that a country is over-administered.

The proper province of the Administration is a subject one might dispute on for ever. But it certainly does not include some injunctions that we have noticed. It is not necessary to put at a bridge-head, "Notice! keep to the right, and do not loiter on the pathways," because bodies of men always find it more comfortable to go one way

and come back the other. As for loitering, it is impossible if there are many people crossing, and if there are not it does not matter. It is not necessary that the State should put you into a railway-carriage; the State is sufficiently protected if it makes sure that you have taken your ticket. The carriage you travel in is a detail which concerns your comfort, and that you must necessarily understand better than the State. It is not necessary that the State should forbid a man to cycle downhill; it might as well forbid him to go out in the rain without an umbrella. Such regulations do nothing except swell the importance of the Administration.

If an Englishman comments unfavourably on the Administration he generally says, "Something ought to be done," and then does nothing. That is a sign, I think, that, on the whole, our Administration is weak; although, when we have made up our minds that a particular official must be strong, there is no limit to the extent we trust him. The policemen at Regent Circus, for example, are invested with, and daily exercise to the admiration of the world, a despotic and uncontrolled authority over the liberty of the subject which is not approached by any Continental official.

If a German comments unfavourably on the Administration he says with an irritated shrug, "Of course if you want anything you must do what you are told, but a sensible man cannot even understand half their nonsense." That, I think, is a sign that a country is being over-administered. Of the two states it is difficult to say which in the abstract is better; but an Englishman in Germany is by no means prepared to admit that his native country's state is the less gracious.

G. C.

## THE OLD PLACE.

As a rule it seems a mistake to revert to the past until one has reached the time of life when exertion is weariness and one has grave qualms about the future. But there are exceptions to this rule. For instance, when some little while since I found myself within ten miles of the dear old place whence my family may be said to have proceeded, the temptation to dabble in reverie was irresistible. Further, I arranged to spend the night in the nearest country town, and to revisit the scenes of ancestral greatness in the morning.

It was a genial November day when I started upon my walk. There was still a glitter of gold on the elms and of bronze on the beeches; the scarlet of hips and haws contrasted garishly with the sober beauty of the russet hedgerow leafage. The sky was placid, with more cloud than blue about it. Wind there was none. Nature seemed half asleep even when the day was fully declared. The lazy croaking of some rooks was the only assertive sound in this mellow rural peace.

Not for twenty years had I set foot on the acres and lawns which once might have been called by that gracious term "paternal." In fact, however, I never had a chance of them. As the youngest son of the youngest son of the last squire, who was imprudent enough to bring seven sons into the world, it was not likely that the family place would come to me. But, for all that, the sentiment of the inheritance was strong within me. Had I not at my grandmother's knee heard many and many a tale of the rollicking life they lived there some threescore years back? Open house was the order of the day then, more's the pity for the sake of the family exchequer. They were devoted to sport, these good an-

cestors. It was either the deer or the fox, the partridges in the turnip-fields, the pheasants in the coverts, the gamecocks in the family cock-pit, or a bull to be baited in the village ring a mile away,—in one way or another the excitement of slaughter was ever to be had. And in the evening there was much drinking, as well as dancing and rather broad jesting. So the money went.

Alas! that I should have to say it; but the truth is my eldest uncle was a bit of a rogue. He did not maintain the family dignity as it behoved him. After his father's death, his brothers then being abroad in the world, he gambled away his inheritance until even the vicar of the village forbore to visit him, the entertainment that remained for his Reverence being so utterly at discord with the traditions of the place. By parcels the land went its way into other hands,—here a field, there a field,—so that at length all that was left was the homestead and two or three hundred adjacent acres. The gaunt old house, with its many windows, assumed a face of reproach. Wind and rain misused it, and were free so to do. The times were changed.

And then by and by my uncle died, and it was hoped that a worthier wearer of the name would resuscitate the family fortunes. But meanwhile Destiny had been weaving a pretty little cobweb. The naughty uncle had wedded his cook, and lo! the estate, or rather the mournful skeleton of it, passed into her fat hands. Nor was that the worst. Madam Cook had presented her lord and master with a hearty family of boys and girls, who had all been smuggled into existence, and brought up with remarkable regard for the eyes of a prying and censorious world. There was no entail,

and no doubt of the regularity of the marriage; the fatal knot had been tied in a town fifty miles away. And so the naughty uncle had continued to live a life of deceit, painfully heedless of the shock that his death would confer upon his blood relations.

This brings me to my last recollection of the poor old house. I was then a schoolboy,—or little better. It was a mystery to me that the cousins of the family mansion were held in so little esteem by my own branch, which yet made no claim to be either wealthy or braggartly patrician. I vowed that I would go over and see them for myself, and also that my gun should accompany me. For the tales of my grandmother, who was aged and held a pile of memories in the wallet of her mind, had stirred my brain, and I prefigured such success in the old fields and copses as even Sandringham could not do more than rival.

It was a revelation, however. I reached the place, and felt my stature increase by a cubit or so as I gazed at the many-windowed building with its stately trees, and the fair lawn up which the pheasants were wont to stalk in troops in the moonlight in the good old times of the past. But even while I was leaning against the iron gate (of Jacobean era), I was accosted by a voice that had a familiar sound in it. Goodness knows by what freak of atavism the thing came about; yet the man who owned the voice might, on the strength of its intonation alone, have been judged a descendant of my grandmother. He was in velveteens, with a short pipe in his mouth, and his nose was the reddest member of the kind I had seen for many a day. And the others, though with a difference, were like unto him. The dear cook-aunt was ill in bed, but she received me in state, propped up with embroidered pillows. She kissed me affectionately, and pressed a sovereign into my hand. We had not very much to say to each other, for I was so struck by her beard

and her large proportions that wonder held me mute. But afterwards she resolved herself in my mind into the most successful representative of the class to whom the aspirate is a stumbling-block. Poor dear soul! she was not without virtues; but the power of disciplining a family and influencing them for good was quite beyond her. Her sons were all drunken ne'er-dowells, and her daughters were empty-headed maidens, with what seemed to me a truly deplorable gift at squabbling with each other and lamenting before the world the viciousness of their brothers.

And so I departed somewhat disillusioned, and soon forgot the old place. The grandmother died, and with her snapped the strongest link that kept memory and interest attached to it. Now and then a funeral intimation came to remind us of the past. First died the aunt, then the sons one after the other (all of red noses, poor unfortunate fellows!), also two of the daughters, who found the damp and social stagnation quite too much for them. Other parts of the world got some chance of appreciation by the mapping-out of new lines of railway. But the old place was ever left in the lurch. The village church still kept its three-decker and a clerk; the stocks remained in the bit of a square in front of the parsonage; and the ring to which the baited bulls were tethered of old was as strong and fast in the vicarage wall as ever it had been.

Anon word came of the first sale of the old place. That was when land was worth money. The cousins did pretty well therefore, and with the proceeds they embarked for Canada, where they found husbands, and are now estimable mothers of large families. Afterwards, until the other day, all was blank. I had my work to do in the world; and it was work of a kind that did not license vain retrospect. I knew no more than the dead Adam what had befallen the old place.

I walked for three hours, up and down, among fields and through dainty little cuttings in the red rock, now and then passing a snug country-house whose earlier tenants had hobnobbed with my forefathers, but of whose actual occupants I knew nothing. The day held quiet and bright after the dim November fashion. Passers-by were few and far between. The nature of the landscape had probably changed not at all during the last hundred years. What was arable land then was arable land now; and gorse grew here and there in patches on the reddish banks just as of yore.

Then the church tower stole above the elms, and the mysterious sense of the homeland got fast hold of my heartstrings. Soon I was standing again at the iron gate of the poor old place. It was bitter to see it. The gate was fast with padlocks, and peeling from rust. The ruin of autumn was added to the natural ruin which had come upon it as the sequel to heaven knows how many years of desertion. Of the two towering poplar-trees (visible for ten miles) which of old had guarded the gate with some pretension, the one had had its crest blown asunder, and the other had been stripped so that it looked as dismal as a poodle after its first shearing. Grass and weeds ran riot to the threshold of the house and the gravel way was expunged.

I rang the bell, but it was long ere a slovenly woman came to answer it with a stare of suspicion. I might enter the garden if I liked, but not the house. The place was for sale,—had been so these five years. No one wanted it; the dilapidation had become so excessive. Did I not see the notice-board?

The board was lolling against a tree-trunk, as if weary of its futility. "Desirable family residence, contain-

taining &c., &c." The acreage had shrunk to a mere field or two, beyond the lawns and gardens. And what a mournful spectacle the gardens showed! Trees had fallen or half fallen, and in their course had ruined or half ruined other trees. Ivy and moss mantled the trunks; creepers matted tree to tree. The grass was knee-deep,—a sad, sickly, yellowish grass. I have had less labour to toil through a swamp-forest in Florida than to flounder about the lawn of the old place. The perfection of the ruin seemed reserved for the conservatories. Here not a whole pane of glass remained, and the nettles grew thick and high above the roof of the framework. A rabbit scurried out of the sheds at the sound of my stick upon the flags. It was the same everywhere. The outbuildings had fallen in, and grasses clothed the ruins. Desolation and decay reigned supreme.

I could not endure it for more than a few minutes. One glance into the large old drawing-room showed me a luxuriant brake of ivy which had stolen into the room through a window-frame. And so I turned my back. Once again outside I looked for the last time at the old house. Its expression seemed to be that of the extremest possible misery.

In the old church some measure of solace might be found, I had hoped, in storied urns and animated busts. But it would not do. Even the inscriptions seemed mendacious, with the memory of the ruin yonder fresh upon me. Outside I came upon the humbler monument to poor Madam Cook, which also commemorated her four children. Four eager goats plucked the herbage round the base of it!

And then I turned my back on it all, resolving henceforth to consider the past as a folly, and to sever my sympathy with it for ever.

## A NOBLE LADY.

"I HAVE no wish for this freedom the decree grants." There was a ring of defiance in Marie de Lézeau's voice, as she uttered these words, which was in perfect keeping with the unconcealed scorn of the glance she cast on her interrogators. Did these men, forsooth, think she needed their protection?

It was the 2nd of September, 1790. Some fifty nuns were assembled in the great hall of the Convent of the Visitation at Rouen, to meet the commissioners who were come in the name of the authorities to invite them to cast aside their veils, and take their place as citizens in this glorious new world men were framing. There was something infinitely piteous in the way the nuns shrank back from the gaze of these intruders, whose very presence in their midst seemed to them a sacrilege. Feeble old women though many of them were, they all strove to comport themselves during this most grievous trial with a dignity befitting their birth and station. But struggle as they might, tears would force their way down their pale cheeks, while their long thin fingers worked convulsively, and from time to time a half-stifled sob was heard.

The commissioners were manifestly ill at ease. The position of would-be deliverers is a trying one at the best of times, and when the prisoners to be delivered persist in hugging their chains it becomes intolerable. They were kindly natured men enough in their way, and the utter helplessness of these women touched them. They tried to soften their rough voices as they explained that they were there not as foes, but as friends, and had only come to see that no obstacle was being put in the way of any sister who might wish to leave the convent

and take her share in the universal joy. The faint rumours of this "universal joy" which had reached the convent were hardly of a nature to tempt the timid, peace-loving sisters, and without exception they declined the invitation. The commissioners went their way marvelling greatly at the obstinacy of women, marvelling too, perhaps, that one of such striking appearance and undaunted bearing as "la femme Lézeau" should care to hide her gifts in a convent.

Although at that time thirty-four, Marie de Lézeau was in the prime of her splendid beauty, a beauty so remarkable that even fifteen years later it excited the admiration of the Empress Josephine's Court. She was tall, slight, and graceful, and her manner had a certain graciousness that was almost regal in its dignified repose. She was a member of one of the oldest families in Normandy, an ancestor of hers having come over with Rollo and settled there. St. François de Paule was also one of her relations. Although the Lézeaus had always steadily refused to follow the example of their neighbours and desert their native province for the Court, they had never become provincial, and Marie's father, the Baron d'Ecouche, was a man of considerable personal distinction. His wife unfortunately had one of those tempers which the French expressively denominate *difficile*; therefore, to make amends for her shortcomings, the Baron devoted himself personally to the education of his children, and up to the time of his death Marie had had no teacher but her father. She was hardly twelve years old then, but, as it soon became evident that she was much too high-spirited to be left under the care of her injudicious mother, she was sent to the Convent of the

Visitation at Rouen, where she remained until she was seventeen. When she returned home her relations at once set to work to arrange for her a suitable marriage; no difficult task, seeing she had a fortune. But the girl had a sharp wit of her own; she was clever too, and highly educated; she turned away with repugnance from the frivolous, artificial society into which her mother introduced her, and refused to marry any one of the various empty-headed young men who were in turn presented to her as possible husbands.

The life of a French girl in those days was not very exhilarating, and before long Marie de Lézeau rebelled against the utter inanity of her existence. For two years she accompanied her mother to innumerable entertainments, each one of which she found more wearisome than the other; then, in 1774, concluding with the rashness of youth that she had no taste for the world, she insisted upon entering as a novice the convent in which she had been educated. There, as she knew, she would find peace, and, what was of still greater importance to one of her nature, plenty of work, and work worth doing. She had a special gift for nursing, and in the convent, at her own request, was attached to the hospital, where her skilful treatment of those under her care, her indefatigable industry and unflinching good spirits, soon attracted attention. She easily won the love of those around her, for, in spite of her rather imposing appearance, she had one of the brightest and most lovable of natures. In later life she always spoke of the years she passed in the convent as a time of great happiness, and, as it happened, it was the only peaceful, uneventful time she was destined to know. The visit of the commissioners came upon her as a rude shock, and first awoke her to the fact that a storm was raging outside the convent walls. For two years longer, however, her life went on unchanged; it was not until 1792 that the more violent party obtained

the upper hand in Rouen. Then disaster followed disaster with startling rapidity. In September a furious mob attacked the convent, but failed to obtain an entrance. A few days later the municipal authorities sent for the plate, the sacred vessels, and anything else of value the nuns might possess. They were then forbidden to hold services in their chapel, and at last they themselves were ordered to leave the convent.

Thus, after an absence of eighteen years, Marie de Lézeau was forced to return to the world, and a strange sad world she found it. The old Château de Lézeau had been pillaged and burnt; the family estates were confiscated; most of her relations were in prison, or in exile; some of them had already perished on the scaffold. She and her mother sat waiting day after day, sure, each time they heard a footstep on the threshold, that their turn had come. Once the soldiers actually arrived to arrest the Baroness, but her daughter concealed her behind a curtain in a bedroom before she admitted them. They insisted upon searching the house, and, to her horror, when they entered the bedroom her mother's feet were visible below the curtain. For a moment she felt that all was lost; then, dexterously placing herself before the soldiers, she talked away to them so unconcernedly that they were convinced her mother could not be there, and left the house without further search. Evidently she had learned worldly wisdom since the time she had so scornfully repulsed the advances of the commissioners. Soon after this, having found a safe shelter for her mother in the country, she resolved to go to Paris, where she thought that she could more easily conceal herself than in Rouen. Just as she was leaving the house, however, she noticed there was a guard at the entrance. She hurried to the side door, only to find herself confronted by another soldier. She had a wholesome love of life, and once a prisoner there was no hope. Involuntarily she fixed her eyes on the man with a piteous

look of entreaty. He hesitated for a moment; his hand was already on her shoulder; then, whispering hurriedly, "Go and hide yourself, you are too pretty to be put in prison," he stood aside to let her pass. Within an hour she was on her way to Paris.

There she established herself in a little house in the Rue des Saints Pères, where an old *curé* from Rouen was living. Soon after her arrival two of her relations, the Marquis d'Ormesson and Vicomte Flers, were guillotined. But, undeterred by their fate, she set to work at once to help those who were even more unfortunate than herself. The suffering of the nobles in Paris was terrible. Hidden away in attics, which they did not dare to quit, were hundreds of men, women, and children, literally dying for want of bread. Madame de Lézeau,—she had assumed the title of a matron upon leaving the convent—had some money at her disposal, and, when things were at the worst, she used to pass her days in distributing food among people who would rather have died than have asked for charity. As a noble herself, and one who had suffered, they could accept from her as from a sister; and the brave hopeful words which accompanied her gifts were hardly less precious than the gifts themselves. All this time she was carrying, as it were, her life in her hand; and she knew it, for, as she walked along the streets, the very *gamins* used to call out that she was one of the hated nobles.

When peace and security were in some measure restored, she began another work. In the Tenth Arrondissement there was a municipal spinning-factory where from fifty to a hundred poor girls were provided with work. Madame de Lézeau discovered that during the Reign of Terror this charity had become thoroughly disorganised, she therefore volunteered to undertake the management of it, and to try to restore it to its former usefulness. Her offer was accepted, and thus her genius as an organiser first

became manifest. Up to this time she had never been called upon to take the initiative in concerted labour, and yet, without a moment's hesitation, she assumed the administration of affairs as quietly as if she had been regularly trained to it. It was a work for which she was admirably suited: one that called into play all the varied gifts of her nature, her infinite tenderness and sympathy as well as her business capacity; and in a very short time her influence was felt through the whole institution. Many of the girls under her care were of good family, though utterly destitute; most of them were orphans, and she devoted herself heart and soul to acting a mother's part to them.

There was one obstacle however in her path; she was a nun bound by the vows of her order. Was it not her duty to return to her convent so soon as it was re-opened? This was a question she had to face, and it was not without much heart-searching that she decided her first duty to be to her orphans. What would become of them if she left them? What work could she do in a convent so useful as this work she was doing in the world? She applied to the Pope for a dispensation from her vows. This was readily granted, for it was evident that she was deserting the convent for a harder and not for a more luxurious life.

Until 1806 she continued at the factory; it was then closed by the authorities because, owing to the war with England, it was impossible to supply it with raw cotton. Many of the girls were little more than children, and Madame de Lézeau was in despair at the thought of their being thus cast adrift at the most dangerous age. She tried to induce the municipality to change its decision, but in vain; then, declaring that she could not, and would not, allow fifty friendless girls to be turned into the streets, she announced her intention of opening a home for them herself. She took a house in Rue des Saints Pères

and spent what money she had in buying the necessary furniture. Her friends looked grave when they heard what she was doing, for all she could count upon was £240 a year, and what was that towards providing for fifty children? She only smiled, however, at their remonstrances, and gently accused them of lacking faith. On the morning of the very day the home was to be opened, she learned that her agent was a bankrupt; that the annuity which was to defray her daily expenses was lost; and that the twenty-five francs she had in her purse were all she possessed. And she had just undertaken to lodge, feed and clothe the fifty children!

It was a terrible day for Madame de Lézeau, but her courage never failed her. She welcomed the orphans when they arrived with warm motherly affection, and by no word or look revealed the keen anxiety she was suffering. It was not until they were all assembled around her in the evening, and she was reciting the grand old Litany of the Providence of God, that she gave any sign of emotion. Then, there was a ring of passionate entreaty in her voice as she appealed for help to "The Providence of God, refuge of the troubled, hope of the destitute, sure defence of the widow and the fatherless," which contrasted strangely with the bright hopeful tone of the children as they caught up the response, "Have mercy upon us." From the day she quitted the convent to her death, Madame de Lézeau's life was one long struggle, but never was she so near sinking beneath the burden of her care as on that night, when, with hardly enough money to provide them with food for the morrow, she first clearly realised that she, and she alone, stood between that little band of children and starvation or ruin. Fortunately the news of her distress had spread abroad, and the next day the money for a month's expenses was sent to her. Still for some time her anxiety was ceaseless, and she, with the two ladies who had joined her, were often forced

to work the whole night through to keep the grim wolf from the door. The orphans at first could give but little help, as spinning was the only thing they could do, and it was no easy task to teach them any other occupation. But they were never allowed to be idle; some hours in the day were set apart for lessons, others for housework, or for learning to sew and to make lace. When their work was done they were encouraged to play, and a hearty burst of laughter from the children in the midst of some noisy game could at any time drive the look of care from Madame de Lézeau's face. "We must make them happy now, you know," she used to say, "for they will have a hard life of it hereafter." Her children were to her as young recruits whom she must arm and fit to fight as good soldiers in the battle of life.

In Madame de Lézeau religious enthusiasm was, strange to say, combined with keen knowledge of the world. When her prospects were most gloomy, she firmly believed that help would be given to her; but her faith was not of the sort that stands idly waiting for miracles to be wrought on its behalf. She knew she must interest people in what she was doing if she wished for their aid. Accordingly she asked a number of gentlemen, leading ecclesiastics, soldiers and politicians, to form for her home a council of administration, which should examine her accounts and help her with advice. They consented, and were so delighted to find the institution entirely free from debt, that they gave it their warm support. She then appealed to the great ladies whom she knew to try to interest the Court in her orphans. By every instinct of her nature she was *Légitimiste*, but she was not the woman to allow her personal feelings to interfere with the welfare of her charges, and all parties were welcome at the home. Hortense Beauharnais made her way there one day, and was charmed with the stately directress who received her with all the ceremonious courtesy of the old *régime*. The Princess was

young and generous; the thought of this beautiful lady devoting her life to the service of the poor appealed to her imagination, and she became her warm friend. She and her husband, Louis Bonaparte, undertook to defray the expenses of eight orphans, and they persuaded the Empress to allow the institution to be placed under her special protection. The home soon became the fashion, and Madame de Lézeau's little parlour was thronged with distinguished visitors. Before a year had passed she was able, not only to increase the number of orphans she received, but also to develop another work she had much at heart, that of aiding those whom the Revolution had deprived of all means of support.

In 1808 she removed her orphanage to a larger house, and in the next year Napoleon gave orders that she should receive a regular subsidy from the State. As the home became more important, the difficulties with regard to its management increased. She was anxious to establish it upon a permanent footing, but who would carry on the work when she was gone? She was a devout Catholic, one who had always seen the best side of Catholicism, fortunately for her; therefore, naturally, her thoughts turned towards founding a religious community. By so doing she would not only remove all difficulty with regard to the care of the funds of the institution, but provide the orphanage with a regular order of trained teachers. After examining the rules of the different communities, she decided in favour of those of the Mother of God, an order of nuns which had been dissolved at the Revolution. With some trifling alterations she adopted these rules, together with the name of the old order, and applied for permission to establish a novitiate. This was obtained by the influence of Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle, who was a warm personal friend of Madame de Lézeau. In one particular she imitated Ignatius Loyola, for she sternly refused to admit into her

order any one who could not do something well. The teachers must have the gift of teaching; the sisters who were willing to cook, wash, or clean, must all give proof that they could do their work well. The interest of her orphans was the first thing to be considered.

The community was only just established in time. In 1810 Madame de Lézeau was summoned to the Tuileries, where General Duroc informed her that the Emperor had decided to establish six schools for the education of twelve hundred orphans of the members of the *Légion d'Honneur*, and that she was to be the directress of them. The teachers in the schools were to be the nuns of the order she had founded,—there were but six of them at that moment—and she was to be personally responsible for the houses and everything connected with the children. When Madame de Lézeau was asked to undertake this work, which would have taxed to the utmost the energy of a woman in the prime of life, she was already fifty-five: her strength too had been sorely tried during the previous ten years; and, owing to some internal disorder, she was rarely free from pain. Yet she never hesitated. She listened in silence while the General unfolded his plans, and then quietly replied that there was nothing impossible in the Emperor's project, and that she would gladly undertake to execute it. As General Duroc remarked, it was evident his master had at length found a workwoman after his own heart. The Imperial decree establishing the schools was published July 15th, 1810, and Madame de Lézeau set to work at once to make the necessary arrangements.

Napoleon was a hard taskmaster; no matter what obstacles stood in the way his orders must be executed to the minute. In September Madame de Lézeau was told to take possession of three houses, one in Paris, Rue Barbette, another in the forest of St. Germain, and the third at Fontaine-

bleau ; she was to open the first, with the full complement of children, at once, and the others in the spring. These houses were little more than shells, needing papering, painting, and alterations of all kinds ; and, with the best will in the world, she could not fill a house with children until the carpenters and painters were gone. Then there was the furnishing, which had to be done with the utmost care, for the Finance Minister was always at hand insisting upon rigid economy. In the midst of her work she had to find time to wait upon the Empress, receive the Princesses, write to Ministers, direct her orphanage as usual, watch over her novices, and arrange for increasing their number. It seems almost marvellous that her strength did not break down under the strain, particularly as all the time she was haunted by the fear that the authorities would not allow her to take her own orphans to the new homes, a point which indeed she did not carry without difficulty.

The orphanage in Paris was opened January 11th, 1811, and the one at St. Germain in the following April. Napoleon himself sent a sketch of the education he wished to be given there. It was the same as he had written three years before, in the midst of the war in Poland, for Madame Campan, and is a curious revelation of his views with regard to women. "I wish," he wrote, "these young girls to be trained in sentiments of real piety which will teach them the eternal resignation, the gentle and docile charity that religion alone can inspire. I desire that when they leave the orphanages of the Légion d'Honneur, they may be not merely pleasant women, but virtuous women ; that their accomplishments may be of the heart rather than of the mind." He therefore recommended that they should be taught history and literature, but that they should be spared the study of the classics and the more difficult branches of learning : "I wish these girls to become useful women ; and I am convinced that by

making them such, I shall make them attractive women too." And he never missed an opportunity of impressing upon Madame de Lézeau that it must be her first duty to render her charges profoundly religious.

The fourth orphanage was a magnificent old abbey at Pont-à-Mousson, a source of intense delight to the directress, who revelled in its stately beauty. Unfortunately the labour and anxiety involved by the necessary alterations proved the last straw, and before it was finished she was prostrate with a severe illness. While she was in bed, the Emperor, without a word of warning, paid a visit to the house at St. Germain, and insisted upon examining everything, even the saucepans. The result would have been disastrous if all had not been in perfect order, but his "*Tout est bien*," as he was leaving, if laconic, was emphatic ; and a few days later he showed his approval by granting Madame de Lézeau a pension of 6,000 francs. Undoubtedly Madame de Lézeau thoroughly enjoyed her position as directress of the imperial orphanages ; it gratified the old feudal instincts of her nature by enabling her to be of service to others. There was land attached to the houses in the country, and this entailed workmen and tenants, to whom she stood in the relation of a *châtelaine* with the attendant duties. Even in Paris she had quite a personal feeling for her tradesmen and those who worked for her, and in the country this was intensified. She interested herself in their families, helped them to arrange marriages, and never failed to visit them constantly if they were ill. Meanwhile her community was steadily increasing, for the work she personally had done was by this time so well known that ladies who wished for a serious occupation in life entered her order in preference to any other.

Just when things seemed most prosperous the glory of the Empire began to wane ; ominous rumours of defeat were in the air, and soon it was known

that the Allied Army was marching on Paris. The orphanage at Fontainebleau had to be evacuated at a moment's notice to the sound of distant cannon. Madame de Lézéau hastened to St. Germain, where the danger was greatest, and soon after her arrival a regiment of Cossacks demanded admittance to the orphanage. Knowing that resistance was useless, she resolved to try what conciliation would do; she went out on to the lawn, and with a kindly dignity that was irresistibly attractive, told the Cossack colonel and his fierce, uncouth men that, if they would give her their word not to cross her threshold, they were welcome to stay in the garden, where she would consider them as guests. Her terms were accepted, and she herself at once distributed to them all the food she had. The next day, escorted by a division of Russian troops, she drove into the nearest town to purchase a further supply of provisions for her visitors. The Cossacks were immensely impressed by "the beautiful old lady," as they called her, and before leaving they came in a body to ask for her blessing. She gave one strong proof of her faith in them that mightily angered her old gardener. Two were invalids; she volunteered to lend them her little carriage to travel in. The whole community were sure she would never see it again; in three days, however, it was returned, with the hearty thanks of the regiment.

Soon the Bourbons were in power, and then Madame de Lézéau, staunch *Légitimiste* though she was, found herself regarded with suspicion. The new Government viewed Napoleonic institutions with little favour, and before long it began to be whispered that the orphanages of the *Légion d'Honneur* were to be closed. This was a terrible blow to Madame de Lézéau, and she felt that every effort must be made to prevent the execution of a project so unjust toward her orphans. She appealed to the Comte d'Artois, to Talleyrand, to every living being she could think of who had influence

at Court. In vain; on July 19th, 1814, a decree was issued suppressing the orphanages. She then offered to turn them into industrial schools if the Government would allow her to keep the houses; the only reply vouchsafed to her was an order to send the children off, and to send them quickly. Where she was to send them the Minister did not say, although he must have known that most of them had no home to go to. This was too much for her patience, and she told the Minister plainly that he might do and say what he pleased, but that she should keep with her such of the children as were friendless. In a private appeal to the King she set forth in terse emphatic language the injustice that he was sanctioning; and showed that, as a mere question of policy, the action of the Government was most ill-advised, for it was creating an untold amount of disaffection in the army, and thus alienating a part of the population it was most important to conciliate. The result proved that she was right. The soldiers grew furious at the treatment to which the children of their dead comrades were being subjected. Marshal Macdonald brought the subject before Parliament: the Ministers were denounced on all sides as the spoilers of the orphans; and the storm at length became so violent that the Government was glad to come to terms. Madame de Lézéau was informed that she might keep six hundred of the children at the expense of the State. In a few months, however, Napoleon was again in France, and all was confusion for no one knew what changes a day might bring forth.

No sooner was peace restored than the quarrels between the Archbishop of Paris and the Grand Aumônier of France caused endless trouble and inconvenience to Madame de Lézéau, whose order was under the jurisdiction of the two. That her ecclesiastical superiors should waste their time in frivolous disputes while there was so much work to be done in the world,

was to her, as she did not scruple to tell them, incomprehensible. Through all this time, however, she was busy in establishing the future of her order; she had seen too many changes in her time to be willing to leave it to the mercy of any Government. In 1824 she secured a house in Rue Picpus as the private property of the community, of which part was to be the headquarters of the nuns, and part a school for the poor in the neighbourhood. She seemed doomed, however, never to work for long in peace. In 1830 France was again in an uproar. The bigotry of Charles X. had rendered the religious orders most unpopular in Paris, and the fiercest battles were fought around convent doors.

A furious mob attacked the orphanage. Knowing that in a few moments the door would be forced, Madame de Lézeau opened it herself. She was seventy-five at that time, an old woman, one too whose days had been full of labour and trouble, but there was no sign of fear in her face or of weakness in her voice as standing there alone, in the front of that fierce crowd, she calmly asked why they beat so violently at her door. Drunk as many of the men were, they yet shrank back at her appearance; but one asked if arms were not hidden in the house. "There are no arms here," replied Madame de Lézeau in a clear, ringing voice that all could hear; "only little children, and you have too much honour to force an entrance into their refuge." "She has been a mother to our children," a rough-looking man called out; "don't go in." "Don't hurt the old lady," was now echoed on all sides; and the mob, moved by one of those impulses which none can explain, raised a hearty cheer for "the mother of the poor," and went its way. The next day she

started for St. Germain, always the post of danger. She went alone through Paris on foot, for the streets were barricaded; but, far from meeting with any molestation, it was leaning on the arm of a red-capped democrat that she made her way through the most dangerous quarter.

But brave, energetic woman as she was, the time was coming when her work must cease. During the cholera epidemic of 1832 it was noticed that she had become strangely fragile in appearance, and a few years later even her iron will could not prevent her face from being often convulsed with pain. It was then discovered that she had been suffering from cancer for years, and that, while playing her part as a bright, active worker in the world, she had been enduring agony such as few strong men could have borne. As soon as she knew the end was drawing near, she went in turn to each of the orphanages under her care, and examined them thoroughly to see that everything was in perfect order. This done she had a personal interview with every member of the community; and, assembling the children around her, gave to each one of them a few words of loving counsel. She then returned to Paris to die. Her suffering increased daily, but she still continued planning, organising, directing, until the very hour when the extreme unction was administered. That evening, however, when one of the nuns came to her as usual for orders, she said gently: "Child, do what you think best; decide for yourself; I am going to leave you now."

She died on the 28th December, 1838. One of the few personal wishes she had ever expressed was gratified for she died, as she had lived, *les armes à la main*.

## THE LAND OF EVIL COUNSEL.

OF the three peninsulas in which the Morea terminates towards the south, the central is formed by a continuation of the lofty range of Taygetus, and ends abruptly in the bold headland of Matapan. This cape, under its ancient name of Tenaron, once gave a name to the whole promontory, which now, with a considerable district to the north of the actual peninsula, bears the name of Maina, or Mani among the Greeks, so called from a Frankish castle in the neighbourhood of the cape. The promontory itself consists of the barren mountain spine and a narrow table-land on the western side between the heights and cliffs which rise sheer from the sea. The modern province is divided into two *eparchies*, but the inhabitants still speak more familiarly of the three older divisions, Exo, Kato, and Mesa Mani. Outer Mani, the first division, includes the north-western portion from the Messenian border to the summits of Taygetus; Lower Mani, the whole eastern coast up to Gythion, the ancient port of Sparta; while Mesa, or inner Mani, is composed of the table-land on the western mountain slopes and the coast as far as Cape Matapan. This latter district is the cradle of a curious race, whose inaccessible mountains and inhospitable shores have hitherto been little visited, and whose barren rocks have for centuries borne the name of Kakoboulia Mani, the Land of Evil Counsel.

It has been claimed for the Mainotes that they descend directly from the Spartans of old; but it appears more probable that they are lineally connected, however remotely, with those provincials (*periæci*) of Laconia, offspring of the older Achæans, who had occupied the country before the Dorian invasion, and who were guaranteed by

the conquerors the enjoyment of their own property with considerable privileges which did not, however, extend to a voice in the civil or military government. For these provincials were still in occupation of the maritime districts, while such of the Spartans as then remained had their lands in the interior, at the time when the Roman conquest of the Peloponnese established the self-governing community of the Eleuthero-Laconians. In any case there can be no doubt that they are an unmixed and a very ancient race, differing in many characteristics from their neighbours; and if their haughty boast that their promontory has never submitted to an alien domination be a little proudly said, at any rate their history shows that the many invaders of the Morea have found it prudent to conciliate the dwellers in these inaccessible mountains, with exceptional immunities. Under the Turkish rule their condition resembled not a little that of the provincials under Sparta, while the rest of the Greeks were often in a position more akin to that of the Spartan Helot. The physical type is one of marked individuality, and their dialect, which closely resembles that of the Cretan Sfakiotes, abounds in Doric forms.

At a time when the rest of the Morea was cowed by the Slavonic invasion the Mainotes remained secluded in their mountains, isolated but unsubdued, and pagans until the end of the ninth century. The Franks, who possessed themselves of the rest of the country almost without a struggle after the Latin conquest of Constantinople, were aware of the difficulty of subjugating this portion of their dominions, and built the strong castle of Passava to control the northern passes

until they had established themselves more firmly. Later on they fortified another stronghold near the cape, and this castle of Maina (probably Magna) gave its name to the whole province. Such suzerainty as he could claim over the mountaineers was ceded by William Villehardouin, Prince of Achaia, with Mistra and all the south-eastern portion of the Morea, to the Emperor Michael VIII. in return for his liberation from captivity. They passed, with the rest of the peninsula, under the Ottoman dominion, but the tribute was always with difficulty collected from the men of Maina, and so little were they really subdued that they continued in constant league with the enemies of the Porte. When, therefore, Morosini expelled the Turks from the Morea, the Mainotes were among the first to join the standard of St. Mark, and in return for their services and alliance were granted by Venice an independent administration and freedom from taxation. It is probable that from the establishment of this constitution, and the consequent contentions of aspirants to office, are to be dated the village rivalries, the little civil wars, and the everlasting family feuds which survive there in the vendetta to this day. The Venetian star did not, however, remain long in the ascendant, and with the re-assertion of Turkish supremacy the Mainotes became once more a dependent, but a rebellious and never a servile race. They flew to arms again during the latter half of the last century, when Orloff's disastrous expedition landed in Greece, and finally they were among the staunchest warriors in the national cause when the Greek revolution at last broke out.

The condition of the Mainotes before the Greek revolution has been compared to that of the Scottish Highlanders up to the latter days of the Stuarts. They owed a nominal submission to the Sultan, paying, or more frequently omitting to pay, their tribute to the Capitan Pasha, under

whose control they were placed together with the *Ægean* Islands. The whole country was divided into eight hereditary *capitanliks*, the *capitani* being the heads of the principal families, who exercised a patriarchal control over the villages in their districts, which accounts for the more than feudal reverence entertained for their descendants to-day. The government was administered by a Bey, chosen by the various *capitani* and confirmed in his office by the Capitan Pasha. This position was held chiefly by three families, the Gligoraki, the Commoudouros, and the Mavromichali. A representative of the latter family, the famous Petrobey, filled this office at the time of the Hellenic rising, when the Mainotes were the first to take the field, and succeeded in resisting to the last the attempts of Ibrahim to penetrate their mountain fastnesses. Such was their reputation at this time, and so great the influence of Petrobey, that Finlay, the historian of the Revolution, is of opinion that had his energy and ability been equal to his courage, he might have placed himself at the head of the movement and even become the prince of a new Greece. When peace was restored, however, the Mainotes were by no means prepared to yield their semi-independence for mere absorption in a Greek state, and they were soon at daggers drawn with the new Government. The injudicious and impolitic attitude of Count Capodistria to the Bey of Maina led to his assassination by Petro Mavromichali's two sons; and an attempt made a few years later to reduce the population to order by sending Bavarian troops, and pulling down the fortress towers in which the Mainotes had lived from time immemorial, proved equally unsuccessful. There was nothing for it but to conciliate this intractable region, and immunity from taxation, in return for their martial service, was accorded to a people which no government has yet quite succeeded in levelling down to uniformity with the rest of Greece,

and among whom it is powerless to suppress the vendetta.

The representatives of the feudal chiefs are still, far more than law or police, the real power in the land. In olden times there was no law but custom, and the arbitration of the captains was the only, if insufficient, tribunal. Still, at this day, when blood has been shed the slayer flies to the mountains and becomes an outlaw where no patrol will ever find him; his partisans or family will always know the place where he may be supplied with food and necessities, and eventually he will be smuggled off on to some small vessel, not to return till many years have passed and the stroke has been avenged. The victim's family will not denounce him to the law, but avenge the blow with blood for blood, on himself if possible, or on some member of his family. A red cross on the door marks the household where blood has been taken, and where blood is required in atonement. Sometimes a whole village is involved in such a death-feud against a neighbouring village, and the present representative of one of the chief Mainote families told me that he had himself been sent for in cases where the vendetta had assumed such serious proportions that all the people were shut up in their towers, bolted and barred, with a rifle at every loophole. In the presence of the chief hostilities were suspended, and it was sometimes possible to end the feud by a sort of family compact under which he who has last taken blood becomes the man of the household to which his victim belonged, is, as it were, adopted by them, and must serve their interests and fight their battles; such truces, if made, were most loyally observed. Of course these primitive and savage usages are gradually yielding to the march of progress, and the time cannot be far distant when the law will get the upper hand, but in Mesa Mani the whole population still occupy their towers as in the olden time. A village consists of a group of such towers; on

the lower floor will be the olive-press, above, the dwelling-room with its small windows guarded by screens of stone reaching more than half-way up. Sometimes the flat roof is also fortified with rude machicolations.

In the last century the inhabitants had a bad name for piracy and brigandage, and it is highly probable that, being for ever at feud with their masters for the time being, they were compelled to support themselves by such plunder as came in their way, for their promontory is extremely sterile. There is no water but what can be collected in cisterns during the rainy season, no trees, scarcely even any brushwood on the mountains, and all that will grow on the stony table-land are a few olives and fig-trees, a little thin grain and lupines, and even these are only produced by very laborious cultivation.

Colonel Leake, the illustrious topographer of Greece, found at Mistra a curious Romaic manuscript poem in which are described the court and character of Zanet Bey of the family of Gligoraki, who was appointed to office in 1795. The writer had evidently suffered at the hands of the inhabitants of the Land of Evil Counsel, for this is how he describes their mode of life:

There is not a spring of water in Inner Mani; its only harvest is beans and lean wheat; this the women reap and sow. The women collect the sheaves at the threshing-floor, winnow it with their hands, and thresh it with their feet, and thus their hands and feet are covered with a dry hard skin, as thick as the shell of a tortoise. Not a tree, or stick, or bough is to be found to cover the unfortunates with its shade, or to refresh the sight. At night they turn the handmill and weep, singing lamentations for the dead while they grind their wheat. In the morning they go forth with baskets into the hollows to collect dung to be dried for fuel; they collect it in the houses, and divide among the orphans and widows. All the men meantime rove about in the pursuit of piracy and robbery; or endeavouring to betray each other. One defends his tower against another, or pursues his

neighbour. One has a claim upon another, for a [murdered] brother, another for a son, another for a father, another for a nephew. Neighbour hates neighbour, *compère compère*, and brother brother. Whenever it happens that a ship, for its sins, is wrecked upon their coast, whether French, Spanish, English, Turkish or Muscovite, great or small, it matters not, each man immediately claims his share, and they even divide the planks among them.

The manuscript then goes on to describe how they behave if a stranger comes among them; they strip him bare and tell him then that he may go his way in safety and need fear no one. *Cantabit vacuus!*

In spite of these ancestral characteristics, no people observe the prescriptions of the Church with more exactness than the Mainotes. To quote once more from Colonel Leake, a Kakobouliote, "Who would make a merit of hiding himself behind the wall of a ruined chapel, for the purpose of avenging the loss of a relative upon some member of the offending family, would think it a crime to pass the same ruin, be it ever so small a fraction of the original building, without crossing himself seven or at least three times."

Now, however, whatever may be the character of the Kakobouliotes in their dealings with one another, and bad as their reputation seems to be with the rest of their countrymen, who even warned me against visiting their country, they have nothing but hospitality to show to those who come among them with a word of recommendation from one of the old feudal chiefs. Nevertheless very few travellers seem to have visited Maina of recent years, so far as I was able to learn from the inhabitants, and the land is unknown to the dragomen who conduct strangers through the highlands of Greece. It was therefore with unusual interest and anticipation that I set out one May morning, with the train of mules and ponies indispensable to travelling in Greece, from the cypress-fenced rose-garden of a

friend whose hospitable villa crowns a gentle height above the blue waters of the Laconian Gulf, armed with every recommendation from the grandson of the last Bey of Maina. The *agoyates*, or mule-drivers, were themselves Mainotes who knew every track in the country, and we decided to cross the mountains through a gap at the north of the promontory and so descend on Areopolis, which received this proud title in place of its ancient name of Tzimova, in honour of Petrobey whose home was here. The long line of Taygetus, hazy with morning, ran like a great wave southwards across the sea to Matapan, and the nearer spurs and transverse ranges were dark with forests of the vallonea oak, which yields as rich a harvest in this north-eastern division of Mani as the olive-groves do on the north-western side.

Leaving the road which skirts the sea, we entered the narrow lateral valleys by rough and climbing paths and before long came upon the typical Mainote houses, all built tower-wise like castle-keeps, and perched upon the tops of hills. Then the machicolations of the Frankish castle of Passava showed clear against the sky above the scrub and brushwood which has invaded its ruins. All trace of a path up to the height which it crowns is lost, and the ascent to it is toilsome enough; but for the sake of the beautiful and unfortunate Marguerite de Neuilly the pilgrimage was due, and indeed the castle is a very interesting one to explore. It was rather a town than a castle, built on the site of an ancient city, probably the Homeric Las, which served no doubt as the acropolis of a later city in the valley, where various remains of buildings hitherto unexplored are traceable. The circuit of the castle walls flanked with round towers is complete. They form an irregular oblong of which the longest side must be at least two hundred yards in length; on the eastern side the old foundations are visible on which the castle wall is constructed, formed of the huge irregular blocks

of the Pelasgian order of construction ; the gate is extremely narrow, a high tunnel through which only one horseman could pass at a time. Within the ramparts are remains of various buildings, and two large cisterns still collect water from the rains. One more pretentious ruin, with a spiral staircase of red sandstone, was perhaps the palace. All is overgrown with thick vegetation ; vallonea trees, lentisk bushes, wild sage, and arbutus choke the empty courts, and fill the gaps of desolation. The site is admirably chosen. It commands a view of the whole gulf between Malea and Matapan, and behind of the ways through the "black mountains" into Laconia, while the only passes from this side into Maina converge below its frowning wall.

The path ascending from the valley below Passava enters a fine gorge, cut by a torrent in whose bed, not yet quite dry, the oleanders made a splendid blaze of bloom ; the lowlier water willow was in full flower too, and here and there a plane tree rose above their sober foliage into bright fresh green, while up the rocks the yellow flowering sage grew four and five feet high. Beyond this gorge the country became much wilder, barren rock where only thyme and sage would grow, while the path was a mere track of loose and yielding stones. Then the rocks closed in once more ; two mighty bluffs, looking as though severed by an earthquake, reached sheer up into the clouds which a south-westerly wind was driving over them. Between these cliffs appeared the sea ; but the path instead of descending towards it turned south, climbing higher and higher up the vertical side of the great rocky shoulder. Evening was coming on and driving mists shut out the distance ; only faintly across the deepening cleft one could see the outlines of a Venetian castle on the high plateau beyond. This deep gorge marks the northern limit of Mesa Mani into the western table-land of which we were climbing. It was the stoniest

country I have ever seen, and yet infinite pains appeared to be taken to redeem the ungrateful land. The larger stones were collected and built into walls about four feet in height, and within these narrow compounds a thin wheat crop grew ; higher up again the larger stones were utilised for rough terraces which climbed the mountain like a stair. The white clouds rising from the sea gathered round us, pressing down upon the uncanny labyrinthine walls in the evening twilight, and thus, unable to gauge our whereabouts, or take in any general impression of the scene, blindfolded like the prisoners they brought in of old, we entered the land of the Kakobouliotes.

The cook had gone on before with his implements and the letters of recommendation, in consequence of which the whole population was waiting to receive us, where the towers of Areopolis clustered round the little church, and the doctor's house was placed at my disposal. The next morning the mist had disappeared, and it was possible to realise the situation. The village, with its fortalice cottages, straggled over a high table-land beneath a great square bluff of rock, the crest of which was lightly veiled with clouds. This table-land, which continues nearly the whole length of the promontory, might be about two miles in breadth between the sheer mountains and the precipitous cliffs which rise from the sea. Northwards a deep bay ran in towards the gap in the range through which we had passed, and across it on the further table-land was the village or town of Itylo, surmounted by a Venetian fortress. Above it rose bare rocks of pearly grey with beautiful variety of form, and the cliffs below thrust out a rosy headland running far into the deep blue sea. All round Areopolis were the same stone walls, dividing the whole table-land into little allotments, where thin wheat and lupines grew beneath stunted olives, varied by occasional groups of

fig and carob-bean trees. Terra-cotta coloured poppies and wild columbine thrived among the stones, where it seemed strange that anything should grow, for the appearance of the land was as though the rock surface had been broken up to sow with corn; genuine soil there was none. Where a young olive or fig was coming up a little sheltering wall was built round it as a protection from the destructive winds which sweep over the arid plateau, and, combined with the want of moisture, prevent the grain from swelling in the ear. The hardy lupine, called derisively the grape of Maina, flourishes, and provides the poorer people with a coarse kind of bread; and the wild lupine divides the mountain slopes with abundant thyme which makes the honey of Tenaron to rival that of Hymettus. Areopolis contains about a thousand souls. The people are passionately attached to their rocks; but those that have been elsewhere in search of work, as, for instance, to the mines of Laurium, come back discontented with the old hard life, and do not care to remain. The genuine natives have never seen a cart, for, as my host explained, in consideration of their immunity from taxation the government does nothing for Maina, and consequently there are no roads. Traditions of the old Corsair days remain; and one old fellow told me a story of a Mainote pirate ship which was captured off this coast by an English frigate under a Captain Hamilton, but subsequently released upon a solemn declaration from the crew never again to attack a British vessel.

That day I rode along the table-land southwards through a marvellous air, the sunlight tempered with the sea-breeze which gathered up the scent of the thyme. Beneath were a series of blue creeks, fit settings for Conrad's anchorage and Medora's tower; above, the fortress villages among the broken boulders of coarse marble and limestone. The first village on the track was Charia, a little group of about a

dozen towers. Issuing hence two men came towards us with guns on their shoulders and pistols in their belts, who recognised a relative in one of the *agoyates* and embraced him. In answer to our inquiry why they were armed, one of them explained that the other had been engaged to marry a girl at Areopolis, but had thrown her over, whereupon a family quarrel had ensued, and now one had been killed on either side; they therefore only ventured out in pairs fully armed for protection and if occasion served for attack. As a fact nearly all the men we met were carrying arms.

Everything is stone in this country. The beehives are constructed of flat stones, and the children play games with black and white pebbles on a smooth slab scratched with squares like a fox-and-geese board. The pains with which cultivation is enforced on the rocks is worthy of all praise; sometimes even the solid limestone is broken up and hollowed out with small pits, in which a little red marl is collected for an olive or a fig to grow. The prickly pear seems to flourish in the stones, but the wheat must literally be gathered stalk by stalk. The wild lupines of the mountain furnish food for pigs; but what a diminutive race of sheep can find for pasture it is difficult to say. There are wolves and foxes in the upper ranges, and partridges and turtle-doves are common in season, while near the cape thousands and thousands of quails are intercepted in their passage north. The water, stored in the cisterns from rain and snow, is thick and muddy, but apparently not unwholesome; at any rate there is no other. Fuel there is none but the thyme-roots from the mountains, which the women laboriously collect and bring down from a considerable distance on the backs of donkeys.

The people are not especially prepossessing in appearance, but there is a refined look in the women's faces, clean-cut delicate features, nothing heavy or obtuse. The men are spare

and active, dark in complexion and hair though not excessively so; they wear the beard, which does not grow very thick; the nose is prominent, the forehead high and vertical, the head rather narrow, the face generally somewhat deeply modelled with a tendency to hollowness of the cheek. The few men who still keep to the national dress wear the baggy blue breeches gathered in below the knee, which the Greek islander affects rather than the white kilt universal on the mainland; but owing to the poverty of the country, costume has been generally abandoned and the rags of European dress have taken its place. The women wear a broad scarlet stripe round the skirt, which they take off for two years as a sign of mourning for a relative. My guide observed suggestively that there were few of these red stripes in Maina. The condition of the people does not appear to have improved much since Colonel Leake visited the country in the early part of the century; hunger and thirst ever at the door, and premature old age; the song of lamentation for some murdered relative sung by the women as they work the hand-mill at night; and the observation of the village headman who conducted him: "If they had not given such precise orders concerning you, how nicely we should have stripped you of all your baggage!"

Some four or five hours' ride from Areopolis is a little monastery near the towers of Gita, where I was glad to halt after the long stumbling and slipping on the loose stones and boulders of the path, over which the Mainote children run barefoot with perfect unconcern. The solitary monk who occupied it came from the great establishment of Megaspélion in the north of the Morea, and was very anxious to detain us for the night; but it was too early in the day, and I agreed to return and spend the following evening with him. Near this the coast throws out a great mass of rock into the sea, with a plateau on the top of somewhat higher elevation than the ground we

were travelling on, Capo, or Kavo, Grosso. At the conjunction of this peninsula and the mainland there is a long narrow isthmus connecting a flat area of rock, which thus runs out somewhat in the shape of a spoon. Upon the rock are remains of a Franko-Venetian castle, and my *agoyate* informed me that as many as three hundred and eighty wells, or cisterns, sunk in the limestone had been counted there. The northern bay formed by this projection is called the harbour of Mezapó, and some topographers identify the site with the Homeric Messa, "abounding in pigeons"; a happy epithet, if it were indeed the ancient site, for the caverns around Capo Grosso are full of blue-rocks, but Colonel Leake's opinion is adverse and his topographical instinct was seldom at fault. Some way further on we came upon traces of an ancient rock-cut road lined with deep ruts, which probably connected Mezapó with the ancient Tenaron.

In a little group of towers which we passed through the women were singing *myrologies*, or dirges for the dead. An old woman had died, and all the female inhabitants of the neighbouring towers had come together to the number of seventy or eighty and were gathered round the square pile, sitting on the ground or upon stones, and chanting to a wild, monotonous air. In northern Greece these death-songs are often improvised, and sometimes contain much poetic suggestion and beauty of simple thought, in the messages entrusted to the dead to bear. The Mainote songs are seldom improvised; they have a character of their own, savage and passionate and fierce, without much grace of form or expression. One of them ran:

Wife of Ligorou, Paraské,  
When you get to the world below,  
Should you see our kinsfolk there,  
Tell them the tower is taken;  
It was Babouloyanni took it,  
And the deacon Dikaiakas,  
The bastard of Katsibarda,  
And the children of Stelia.

The singing of these dirges continues

here for three days after death, and is resumed on the ninth and on the fortieth day. It was a strange picture, the group of ragged women, many of them with babies at the breast, squatting round the tower of silence, and singing to their monotonous measure the grim old songs in which the passions of life are blended with the pagan dream of death.

It was weary work as evening drew on riding over the paths which alternated between loose stones like sea-shingle with jagged blocks or tracks of polished limestone; but our camping-ground was not distant on the far side of Capo Grosso. We descended by what appeared to be a torrent-bed, a space of hopeless irredeemable rock, like some torture-circle of the *Inferno*, to a beautiful little creek under the southern shadow of the promontory. A couple of brigs and five or six *caiques* lay at anchor and about a dozen houses clustered round the shore. Geroliméni, "the ancient harbour," was its name, and an old water conduit, recently unearthed in digging foundations, testified to its antiquity. The setting sun made all the mountains rosy to the point of Matapan, and gilded the scudding clouds that flitted over their tops; the shadows deepened their purple, and the sea took the hue which in this land reveals why Homer spoke of the "wine-dark waves." The perfect peace of the evening light possessed this far-off end of the world, and very restful sounded the lapping of the ripple at the water's edge after the long hot ride through the May sun and the eternal rattle and clatter of the stones.

The house in which my letters procured me hospitality was a big warehouse, occupying a little headland. Below were sacks of wheat and other imported stores, and barrels of oil, which the anchored brigs were to take away. Above was a big empty area, where the quail-merchants are housed in the season of the flight, when the live birds are caught here in hundreds of thousands and sent off upon steamers to feed the great stomach of northern

Europe. In one corner Janni, the cook, was already at work upon a *pilaff* and a quarter of lamb; in another the night's lodging was prepared. Such luxuries as glass in the windows are unknown in this part of Maina, and the ill-fitting board shutters were but a poor substitute, so that this chamber became like a temple of *Æolus* with the sharp wind which blew down the gorge.

The journey south to Alyka, on the following day, began through a more hopeless wilderness of stone than any we had traversed; but suddenly the rock formation changed from marble and limestone to the more friable slate, and over the detritus terraces of wheat were carried up nearly to the crest of the mountain, dotted about on which appeared villages of towers, looking from far off like feudal castles on the vantage ground. About half an hour's ride beyond Alyka the path descends into a torrent-bed ending in a little creek, the northern boundary of a rocky peninsula, a mile or so in circumference, which was formerly the site, or at any rate the acropolis of Tenaron, the chief city of the Eleuthero-Laconian confederation. This is established by inscriptions on the door-posts of a ruined chapel on the height, built with the stones of an ancient temple. To the south is a larger bay, round which, and straggling up the valley, is the modern village of Kyparisso.

Near the creek, under the acropolis, was a shady cavern with a beach of its own, only to be reached by wading, and thus secured from interruption for breakfast and a bath. The rocks were full of glorious colour here, rich ochres and madders, against which the sea told intensely blue, with marvellous colours of ruby and amethyst where the ripples played over the shallows round fallen boulders and floating weed. On the cliff overhead, above the cavern's mouth, a bird was singing with all its might. It seemed as though the beauty of it all, the joy of the world, touched directly on some

chord in the bird which returned the same note in the quick response of song.

About a mile further is the village of Vathia, where Colonel Leake was told in the early part of the century that a hundred men had perished in family feuds within a space of forty years; and some four miles beyond, the narrow isthmus connecting the great mass of rock which forms Cape Matapan, a circular peninsula some seven miles round. On the west side of the isthmus is a dangerous creek surrounded with steep cliffs, on the east the securer harbour of Porto Kaio, lying under the fortress of Maina, and named after the quails which it exports. Towards the point is a half-ruined church, identified by Colonel Leake as occupying the site of the temple of Poseidon, built on this the southernmost point of Greece, and near it is the cavern which was of old the fabled gate of hell, the *Tenarii fauces* through which Hercules was said to have dragged up the hound Cerberus. Of this tradition, however, Pausanias, for once, expresses his scepticism. Nevertheless the superstition lingers in Maina that the devil from time to time issues from that cavern in the shape of a big black dog.

The cook and the baggage-mules had returned to the monastery from Geroliméni, but it was sunset before we reached it by a less circuitous path than our morning's route. Though known as the Monastéri, it was in reality too small for the dignity of such a name, consisting of the chapel, two upper rooms, and an out-house, all inclosed in a little court. The monk, our host, was Hegoumenos, or abbot and community together; an intelligent man in his way, though he had quite lost touch of the world during the ten years he had spent in this isolation. As he joined us over dinner he discoursed on men and things. The fault of his countrymen was that they were too much addicted to politics; the object of their politics was place, and place meant eating,

drinking, and doing nothing. The Mainotes were less ardent as politicians; they were too ignorant, and never read newspapers. He had a paper sent him sometimes, and when he had read both sides of the question in the rival prints, his usual reflection was that all journalists were liars and scoundrels and all politicians humbugs, — a most intelligent man, the Hegoumenos! In the hollows of the mountains which appeared so bleak above us, there was, he said, better land, but the mountain people were good for nothing. Here they were savage enough, but hard-working, living on the lupines which they grow and a little wheat, and obtaining the other necessities of life from the sale of their surplus olives, but seldom seeing money. His own little cell, with a table and three or four stools, was their standard of comfort, and their highest luxury a little resinous wine which he distributed among the folk who came to his church on Sundays. They cared nought for the Government and its doings: they paid it no taxes, and expected nothing from it; and when they were called upon to vote they generally consulted him.

That evening has sunk deep into my memory. We sat upon the roof by the chapel bell-tower, in this remote, strange land, the most southerly point of Europe, among this primeval folk, looking through the embers of sunset across to Africa and the unknown lands. We all grew silent under the spell as we sat and smoked together. A little red of the after-glow hung on very late in the west; behind us the mountains rose in a strong black mass, running northwards like a broken wave; before us the dim table-land sloped gently towards the sea; and one by one the stars hung their lamps in the darkling sky.

The next day was Sunday. A number of peasants had collected from far and near, and were sitting on the chapel steps or grouped about the court. The family of one of my mule-drivers, hearing of his advent, had

come down to see him, and half-a-dozen of them escorted us some miles on our return journey. We took a higher road this time, passing through the villages on the lower slopes. There is absolute similarity between these villages of Mesa Mani; always the same square towers of rude stone masonry with a lower building sometimes attached, or groups of towers linked together to form the more imposing residences of the old *capitani*. To each house belongs a cistern just outside the village, and a round threshing-floor of hardened earth. The paths between the stone walls cross and recross, wind up and down, and without a guide it would be hopeless to find the way. Numerous little stone chapels line the road at intervals, and there are not a few pretty little Byzantine churches, always partially or wholly in ruin, with fragments of fresco still adhering to the falling apse. The general aspect is one of slow decay.

Our way back lay through another and a loftier pass which issues eventually, converging towards the valley through which we started, below the castle of Passava. We were mounting the side of the great rock behind Areopolis. Here there was little or no attempt at cultivation; huge boulders shaped like fossil monsters of the primeval world, or the sea-flock of Amphitrite, lay prone on the mountain side, and between them wild pinks and poppies, love-in-a-mist, campanula, sage, and a host of other wild flowers grew at their own sweet will. Above, in the hollow of the pass, the land seemed richer and the crops less thin, and we skirted a considerable village with headless gowned statues built into its walls. Then climbing up the northern side, and laboriously reaching the crest over a dangerous path, the double view broke upon us. The western or Messenian waters were still in sight, a triangle of blue through

the gorge we had traversed, while eastward the Laconian Gulf spread wide beneath our feet. The eastern coast of the promontory of Maina ran down in sharp perspective, walls of grey pearly rock, abrupt to the water's edge. At the further side Cape Malea was plainly visible, but Cerigo was a mere outline in the haze. Far south the rugged mass of Matapan floated rosy on the bluest of seas, whose horizon was misty with summer under a cloudless heaven. Below, for foreground, the castellated village of Skutari crowned a crest of hill dominating its little bay, and northwards the highest summits of Taygetus rose grandly over the lesser ranges, their hollows filled with snow.

After a breakneck descent on foot over a giddy zigzag path, we found a spring of mountain water in a shady hollow, and halted for mid-day. Then, after another hour's stumbling over rocks and boulders, we reached fresh green vegetation once more, vallonea oaks shading patches of fern leading on into a fairy valley, where a little stream wound its way through groves of mulberry and cypress. Pleasant it was to leave that bare and stony wilderness behind, and enter the meadows scented with water-willow and alive with the song of nightingales!

Below the slopes of Passava, as evening drew on, we encountered our host from Gythion, who with true Greek hospitality had ridden out to meet us. But night had fallen before we reached that rose-garden among the cypress trees, where the lamb roasted whole upon the six-foot spit was waiting ready, together with a pile of fresh lettuces and many bottles of a certain precious liquid, amber-coloured, undefiled by resin and gypsum, pressed from a Tuscan grape which grows to perfection on these kindred shores.

RENNELL RODD.

## LORD BEAUPREY.

## PART II.

## III.

I KNOW not whether it was this danger,—that of seeming unnatural—that weighed with Mary Gosselin; at any rate when the day arrived she had decided to take her share of Lord Beauprey's hospitality. On perceiving that the house, when with her companions she reached it, was full of visitors, she consoled herself with the sense that such a share would be small. She even wondered whether its smallness might not be caused in some degree by the sufficiently startling presence, in this stronghold of the single life, of Maud Ashbury and her mother. It was true that during the Saturday evening she never saw their host address an observation to them; but she was struck, as she had been struck before, with the girl's cold and magnificent beauty. It was very well to say she had faded; she was still handsomer than any one else. She had failed in everything she had tried; the campaign undertaken with so much energy against young Raddle had been conspicuously disastrous. Young Raddle had married his grandmother, or a person who might have filled such an office, and Maud was a year older, a year more disappointed, and a year more ridiculous. Nevertheless one could not believe that a creature with such advantages would always fail, though indeed the poor girl was stupid enough to be a warning. Perhaps it would be at Bosco, or with the master of Bosco, that fate had appointed her to succeed. Except Mary herself she was the only young unmarried woman on the scene, and Mary glowed with the generous sense of not being a competitor. She felt as much out of the question as the blooming wives, the heavy matrons, who formed the rest of the female

contingent. Before the evening was over, however, her host, who, she saw, was delightful in his own house, mentioned to her that he had a couple of guests who had not been invited.

"Not invited?"

"They drove up to my door as they might have done to an inn. They asked for rooms and complained of those that were given them. Don't pretend not to know who they are."

"Do you mean the Ashburys? How amusing!"

"Don't laugh; it freezes my blood."

"Do you really mean you're afraid of them?"

"I tremble like a leaf. Some monstrous ineluctable fate seems to look at me out of their eyes."

"That's because you secretly admire Maud. How can you help it? She's extremely good-looking, and if you get rid of her mother she'll become a very nice girl."

"It's an adious thing, no doubt, to say about a young person under one's own roof, but I don't think I ever saw any one who happened to please me less," said Guy Firminger. "I don't know why I don't turn them out even now."

Mary persisted in sarcasm. "Perhaps you can make her have a worse time by letting her stay."

"Please don't laugh," her interlocutor repeated. "Such a fact as I have mentioned to you seems to me to speak volumes,—to show you what my life is."

"Oh, your life, your life!" Mary Gosselin murmured, with her mocking note.

"Don't you agree that, at such a rate, it may easily become impossible?"

"Many people would change with you. I don't see what there is for you to do but to bear your cross!"

"That's easy talk!" Lord Beauprey sighed.

"Especially from me, do you mean? How do you know I don't bear mine?"

"Yours?" he asked vaguely.

"How do you know that *I'm* not persecuted, that *my* footsteps are not dogged, that *my* life isn't a burden?"

They were walking in the old gardens, the proprietor of which, at this, stopped short. "Do you mean by fellows who want to marry you?"

His tone produced on his companion's part an irrepressible peal of hilarity; but she walked on as she exclaimed: "You speak as if there couldn't be such madmen!"

"Of course such a charming girl must be bored too," Guy Firminger conceded, as he overtook her.

"I don't speak of it; I keep quiet about it."

"You realise then, at any rate, that it's all horrid when you don't like them."

"I suffer in silence, because I know there are worse tribulations. It seems to me you ought to remember that," the girl continued. "Your cross is small compared with your crown. You've everything in the world that most people most desire, and I'm bound to say I think your life is made very comfortable for you. If you're oppressed by the quantity of interest and affection you inspire, you ought simply to make up your mind to bear up and be cheerful under it."

Lord Beauprey received this admonition with perfect good humour; he professed himself able to do it full justice. He remarked that he would gladly give up some of his material advantages to be a little less badgered, and that he had been quite content with his former obscurity. No doubt, however, such annoyances were the essential drawbacks of ponderous promotions; one had to pay for everything. Mary was quite right to rebuke him; her own attitude, as a young woman much admired, was a lesson to his irritability. She cut this apprecia-

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tion short, speaking of something else; but a few minutes later he broke out irrelevantly: "Why, if you are hunted as well as I, that dodge I proposed to you would be just the thing for us *both*!" He had evidently been thinking it out.

Mary Gosselin was silent at first; she only paused, gradually, in their walk at a point where four long alleys met. In the centre of the circle, on a massive pedestal, rose in marble a florid, complicated image, so that the place made a charming old-world picture. The grounds of Bosco were stately without stiffness and full of artistic character. The girl had told her mother, in London, that she disliked this fine residence, but she now looked round her with a vague pleased sigh, holding up her glass (she had been condemned to wear one, with a long handle, since she was fifteen) to consider the weather-stained garden group. "What a dear old place!" she musingly exclaimed.

"Wouldn't it, really, be just the thing?" Lord Beauprey went on, with the eagerness of his idea.

"Wouldn't what be just the thing?"

"Why, the defensive alliance we've already talked of. You wanted to know the good it would do *you*. Now you see the good it would do *you*!"

"I don't like practical jokes," said Mary. "The remedy's worse than the disease," she added; and she began to follow one of the paths that took the direction of the house.

Poor Lord Beauprey was absurdly in love with his invention; he had all an inventor's importunity. He kept up his attempt to place his "dodge" in a favourable light, in spite of a further objection from his companion, who assured him that it was one of those contrivances which break down, in practice, in just the proportion in which they make a figure in theory. At last she said: "I was not sincere just now when I told you I'm worried. I'm *not* worried!"

"They *don't* make up to you?" Guy Firminger asked.

She hesitated an instant. "They make up to me; but at bottom it's flattering and I don't mind it. Now please drop the subject."

He dropped the subject, though not without congratulating her on the fact that, unlike his infirm self, she could keep her head and her temper. His infirmity found a trap laid for it before they had proceeded twenty yards, as was proved by his sudden exclamation of horror, "Good heavens, —there's Lottie!"

Mary perceived, in effect, in the distance a female figure coming towards them over a stretch of lawn, and she simultaneously saw, as a gentleman passed from behind a clump of shrubbery, that it was not unattended. She recognised Charlotte Firminger, and she also recognised the gentleman. She was moved to further mirth by the dismay expressed by poor Firminger, but she was able to articulate, "Walking with Mr. Brown."

Lord Beauprey stopped again before they were joined by the pair. "Does he make up to you?"

"Mercy, what questions you ask!" his companion exclaimed.

"Does he,—*please?*" the young man repeated, with odd intensity.

Mary looked at him an instant; she was puzzled by the deep annoyance that had flushed through the essential good-humour of his face. Then she saw that this annoyance apparently had exclusive reference to poor Charlotte; so that it left her free to reply, with another laugh: "Well, yes,—he does. But you know I like it!"

"I don't, then!" Before she could have asked him, even had she wished to, in what manner such a circumstance concerned him, he added, with his droll agitation: "I never invited *her*, either! Don't let her get at me!"

"What can I do?" Mary demanded as the others advanced.

"Please take her away; keep her yourself! I'll take the American, I'll

keep *him*," he murmured, inconsequently, as a bribe.

"But I don't object to him."

"Do you like him so much?"

"Very much indeed," the girl replied.

The reply was perhaps lost upon her interlocutor, whose eye now fixed itself gloomily on the dauntless Charlotte. As Miss Firminger came nearer he exclaimed, almost loud enough for her to hear, "I think I shall kill her some day!"

Mary Gosselin's first impression had been that, in his panic, under the empire of that fixed idea to which he confessed himself subject, he attributed to his kinswoman machinations and aggressions of which she was incapable; an impression that might have been confirmed by this young lady's decorous placidity, her passionless eyes, her expressionless cheeks and colourless tones. She was plain, yet she was usual; she was not what people called in books intense. But after Mary, to oblige their host, had tried, successfully enough, to be crafty, had drawn her on to stroll a little in advance of the two gentlemen, she became promptly aware, by the mystical operation of propinquity, that Miss Firminger was indeed full of design, of a purpose single, simple, and strong, which gave her the effect of a person carrying with a stiff, steady hand, with eyes fixed and lips compressed, a cup charged to the brim. She had driven over to lunch, driven from somewhere in the neighbourhood; she had picked up some silly woman as an escort. Mary, though she knew the neighbourhood, failed to recognise her base of operations, and, as Charlotte was not specific, ended by suspecting that, far from being entertained by friends, she had put up at an inn and hired a fly. This suspicion startled her; it gave her for the first time something of the measure of the situation, and she wondered what would be the end of the high pressure of which Guy Firminger complained. Charlotte, on arriving, had gone

through a part of the house in quest of its master (the servants being unable to tell her where he was), and she had finally come upon Mr. Boston-Brown, who was looking at old books in the library. He had placed himself at her service, as if he had been trained immediately to recognise, in such a case, his duty, and informing her that he believed Lord Beauprey to be in the grounds, had come out with her to help to find him. Lottie Firminger questioned her companion about this accommodating person; she suggested that he was odd but nice. Mary mentioned to her that Lord Beauprey thought highly of him; she believed they were going somewhere together. At this Miss Firminger turned round to look for them, but they had already disappeared, and the girl became ominously dumb.

Mary wondered afterwards what profit she could hope to derive from such proceedings; they struck her own sense, naturally, as disreputable and desperate. She was equally unable to discover the compensation they offered, in another variety, to poor Maud Ashbury, whom Lord Beauprey, the greater part of the day, neglected as conscientiously as he neglected his cousin. She asked herself if he could be accused of rudeness, and answered, somewhat sententiously, that the extravagance of such behaviour relieved him from the obligation of courtesy. He got rid of Charlotte, somehow, after tea; she had to fall back to her mysterious lines. Mary knew this effort would have been detestable to him,—he hated to force his nature; she was sorry for him and wished to lose sight of him. She wished not to be mixed up even indirectly with his tribulations, and the fevered faces of the Ashburys were particularly dreadful to her. She spent as much of the long summer afternoon as possible out of the house, which indeed, on such an occasion, emptied itself of most of its inmates. Mary Gosselin asked her brother to join her in a devious ramble; she might have had other society, but

she was in a mood to prefer his. These two were extremely fond, and they had been separated so long that they had arrears of talk to make up. They had been at Bosco more than once, and though Hugh Gosselin said that the land of the free (which he had assured his sister was even more enslaved than dear old England) made one forget there were such spots on earth, they both remembered, a couple of miles away, a little ancient church to which the walk across the fields would be charming. They talked of many things as they went, and among them they talked of Mr. Boston-Brown, in regard to whom Hugh, as scantily addicted to enthusiasm as to bursts of song (he was determined not to be taken in) became, in commendation, almost lyrical. Mary asked what he had done with his paragon, and he replied that he believed him to have gone out stealthily to sketch: they might come across him. He was extraordinarily clever at water-colours, but haunted with the fear that the public practice of such an art on Sunday was viewed with disfavour in England. Mary exclaimed that this was the respectable fact, and when her brother ridiculed the idea she told him that she had already noticed he had lost all sense of things at home, so that Mr. Boston-Brown was apparently a better Englishman than he. "He is indeed,—he's awfully artificial," Hugh replied; but it must be added that in spite of this drawback their American friend, when they reached the goal of their walk, was to be perceived in an irregular attitude in the very churchyard. He was perched on an old flat tomb, with a box of colours beside him and a sketch half completed. Hugh remarked that this amusement was the only thing that Mr. Boston-Brown really cared about, but the young man protested against the imputation in the face of an achievement so modest. He showed his sketch to Mary, however, and it consoled her for not having kept up her own experiments; she never could do any-

thing like that. He had found a lovely bit on the other side of the hill, a bit he should like to come back to, and he offered to show it to his friends. They were on the point of starting with him to look at it when Hugh Gosselin, taking out his watch, remembered the hour at which he had promised to be at the house again to give his mother, who wanted a little mild exercise, his arm. His sister, at this, said she would go back with him; but Boston-Brown interposed an earnest inquiry. Mightn't she let Hugh keep his appointment and let *him* take her over the hill and bring her home?

"Happy thought,—do that!" said Hugh, with a crudity that showed the girl how completely he had lost his English sense. He perceived, however, in an instant, that she was embarrassed, whereupon he went on: "My dear child, I've walked with girls so often in America that we really ought to let poor Brown walk with one in England." I know not whether it was the effect of this plea or that of some further eloquence of their friend; at any rate Mary Gosselin, in the course of another minute, had accepted the accident of Hugh's secession, had seen him depart with an injunction to her to render it clear to poor Brown that he had made quite a monstrous request. As she went over the hill with her companion she reflected that since she had granted the request it was not in her interest to do this. She wondered, moreover, whether her brother had wished to throw them together; it suddenly occurred to her that the whole incident might have been prearranged. The idea made her a little angry with Hugh; it led her, however, to entertain no resentment against the other party (if party Mr. Brown had been) to the transaction. He told her all the delight that certain sweet old corners of rural England excited in his mind, and she liked him more than she had liked him yet.

Hugh Gosselin, meanwhile, at Bosco, strolling on the terrace with his

mother, who preferred small walks and had had much to say to him about his extraordinary indiscretion, repeated over and over (it ended by irritating her) that as he himself had been out for hours with American girls it was only fair to let their friend have a turn with an English one.

"Pay as much as you like, but don't pay with your sister!" Mrs. Gosselin replied; while Hugh submitted that it was just his sister who was required to make the payment *his*. She turned this logic to easy scorn, and she waited on the terrace till she had seen the two explorers reappear. When the ladies went to dress for dinner she expressed to her daughter her extreme disapproval of such conduct, and Mary did nothing more to justify herself than to exclaim, at first, "Poor dear man!" and then to say, "I was afraid you wouldn't like it." There were reservations in her silence that made Mrs. Gosselin uneasy, and she was glad that at dinner Mr. Boston-Brown had to take in Mrs. Ashbury; it served him right. This arrangement had in Mrs. Gosselin's eyes the added merit of serving Mrs. Ashbury right. She was more uneasy than ever when, after dinner, in the drawing-room, she saw Mary sit for a period on the same small sofa with the culpable American. This young couple leaned back together familiarly, and their conversation had the air of being desultory without being in the least difficult. At last she quitted her place and went over to the defiant pair; she said to Mr. Boston-Brown that she wanted him to come and talk a bit to *her*. She conducted him to another part of the room, which was vast and animated by scattered groups, and held him there, very persuasively, quite maternally, till the approach of the hour at which the ladies would judiciously disperse. She made him talk about America, though he wanted to talk about England, and she judged that she gave him an impression of the kindest attention, though she was really thinking, in alternation, much more of three

very interesting things than of what he might have to say. One of these things was a circumstance of which she had become conscious only just after sitting down with him,—the prolonged absence of Lord Beauprey from the drawing-room; the second was the absence, equally marked (to her imagination), of Maud Ashbury; the third was a matter different altogether. "England gives one such a sense of immemorial continuity, something that drops like a plummet-line into the past," said the young American, ingeniously exerting himself, while Mrs. Gosselin, rigidly contemporary, strayed into deserts of conjecture. Had the fact that their host was out of the room any connection with the fact that the most beautiful, even though the most suicidal, of his satellites had quitted it? Yet if poor Guy was taking a turn by starlight on the terrace with the misguided girl, what had he done with his resentment at her invasion and by what inspiration of despair had Maud achieved such a triumph? The good lady studied Mrs. Ashbury's face across the room; she decided that triumph, accompanied perhaps with a shade of nervousness, looked out of her insincere eyes. An intelligent consciousness of ridicule was at any rate less present in them than ever. While Mrs. Gosselin was occupied in watching such disparities one of the doors opened to readmit Lord Beauprey, who struck her as pale and who immediately approached Mrs. Ashbury with a remark evidently intended for herself alone. It led this lady to rise with a movement of alarm and, after a question or two, to leave the room. Lord Beauprey left it again in her company. Mr. Boston-Brown had also noticed the incident; his conversation languished, and he asked Mrs. Gosselin if she supposed anything had happened. She turned it over a moment and then she said: "Yes, something will have happened to Miss Ashbury."

"What do you suppose? Is she ill?"

"I don't know; we shall see. They're capable of anything."

"Capable of anything?"

"I've guessed it,—she wants to have a grievance."

"A grievance?" Mr. Boston-Brown was mystified.

"Of course you don't understand; how should you? Moreover it doesn't signify. But I'm so vexed with them (he's a very old friend of ours), that really, though I dare say I'm indiscreet, I can't speak civilly of them."

"Miss Ashbury's a wonderful type," said the young American.

This remark appeared to irritate his companion. "I see perfectly what has happened; she has made a scene."

"A scene?" Mr. Boston-Brown was terribly out of it.

"She has tried to be injured,—to provoke him, I mean, to some act of impatience, to some failure of temper, of courtesy. She has asked him if he wishes her to leave the house at midnight, and he may have answered—But no, he wouldn't!" Mrs. Gosselin suppressed her supposition.

"How you read it! She looks so quiet."

"Her mother has coached her, and (I won't pretend to say *exactly* what has happened), they've done, somehow, what they wanted; they've got him to do something to them that he'll have to make up for."

"What ingenuity!" the young man laughed.

"It often answers."

"Will it in this case?"

Mrs. Gosselin was silent a moment.

"It *may*."

"Really, you think?"

"I mean it might if it weren't for something else."

"I'm too judicious to ask what that is."

"I'll tell you when we're back in town," said Mrs. Gosselin, getting up.

Lord Beauprey was restored to them, and the ladies prepared to withdraw. Before she went to bed Mrs. Gosselin asked him if there had been anything

the matter with Maud; to which he replied with an inscrutable countenance (she had never seen him wear just that face) that he was afraid Miss Ashbury was ill. She proved, in fact, in the morning, too unwell to return to London: a piece of news communicated to Mrs. Gosselin at breakfast.

"She'll have to stay; I can't turn her out of the house," said Guy Firringer.

"Very well; let her stay her fill!"

"I wish you would stay too," the young man went on.

"Do you mean to nurse her?"

"No, her mother must do that. I mean to keep me company."

"You? You're not going up?"

"I think I'd better wait over to-day, or long enough to see what's the matter."

"Don't you *know* what's the matter?"

He was silent a moment. "I may have been nasty last night."

"You have compunctions? You're too good-natured."

"I dare say I was rough. It will look better for me to stop over twenty-four hours."

Mrs. Gosselin fixed her eyes on a distant object. "Let no one ever say you're selfish."

"Does any one ever say it?"

"You're too generous, you're too soft, you're too foolish. But if it will give you any pleasure Mary and I will wait till to-morrow."

"And Hugh, too, won't he, and Boston-Brown?"

"Hugh will do as he pleases. But don't keep the American."

"Why not? He's all right."

"That's just why I want him to go," said Mrs. Gosselin, who could treat a matter with candour, just as she could treat it with humour, at the right moment.

The party at Bosco broke up and there was a general retreat to town. Hugh Gosselin pleaded pressing business, he accompanied the young American to London. His mother and sister came back on the morrow,

and Boston-Brown went in to see them, as he often did, at tea-time. He found Mrs. Gosselin alone in the drawing-room, and she took such a convenient occasion to mention to him, what she had withheld on the eve of their departure from Bosco, the reason why poor Maud Ashbury's fantastic assault on the master of that property would be vain. He was greatly surprised, the more so that Hugh hadn't told him. Mrs. Gosselin replied that Hugh didn't know; she had not seen him all day and it had only just come out. Hugh's friend, at any rate, was deeply interested, and his interest took for several minutes the form of intense silence. At last Mrs. Gosselin heard a sound below, on which she said, quickly: "That's Hugh,—I'll tell him now!" She left the room with the request that their visitor would wait for Mary, who would be down in a moment. During the instants that he spent alone the visitor wandered in rather a dazed, confused way to the window, and stood there with his hands in his pockets, staring vacantly into Chester Street; then, turning away, he gave himself, with an odd ejaculation, an impatient shake which had the effect of enabling him to meet Mary Gosselin composedly enough when she came in. It took her mother, apparently, some time to communicate the news to Hugh, so that Boston-Brown had a considerable margin for nervousness and hesitation before he could say to the girl, abruptly, but with an attempt at a voice properly gay: "You must let me very heartily congratulate you!"

Mary stared. "On what?"

"On your engagement."

"My engagement?"

"To Lord Beauprey."

Mary Gosselin looked strange; she coloured. "Who told you I'm engaged?"

"Your mother, just now."

"Oh!" the girl exclaimed, turning away. She went and rang the bell for fresh tea, rang it with noticeable

violence. But she said "Thank you very much!" before the servant came.

## IV.

BOSTON-BROWN did something that evening towards disseminating the news: he told it to the first people he met, socially, after leaving Chester Street; and this although he had to do himself a certain violence in speaking. He would have preferred to hold his peace; therefore if he forced his inclination it was for an urgent purpose. This purpose was to prove to himself that he didn't mind. A perfect indifference could be, for him, the only result of any understanding Mary Gosselin might arrive at with any one, and he wanted to be more and more conscious of his indifference. He was aware indeed that it required demonstration, and this was why he was almost feverishly active. He could mentally concede, at least, that he had been surprised, for he had suspected nothing at Bosco. When a fellow was attentive in America every one knew it, and, judged by this standard, Lord Beauprey had had no appearance whatever: how otherwise should *he* have achieved that sweet accompanied ramble? Everything, at any rate, was lucid now, except perhaps a certain strangeness in Hugh Gosselin, who, in coming into the drawing-room with his mother, had looked flushed and grave and had stayed only long enough to kiss Mary and go out again. There had been nothing effusive in the scene; but then there was nothing effusive in any English scene. This helped to explain why Miss Gosselin had been so blank during the minutes she spent with him before her mother came back.

He himself wanted to cultivate tranquillity, and he felt that he did so, the next day, in not going again to Chester Street. He went instead to the British Museum, where he sat quite like an elderly gentleman, with his hands crossed on the top of his stick and his eyes fixed on an Assyrian

bull. When he came away, however, it was with the resolution to move briskly; so that he walked westward the whole length of Oxford Street and arrived at the Marble Arch. He stared for some minutes at this monument, as in the national collection he had stared at even less intelligible ones; then, brushing away the apprehension that he should meet two persons riding together, he passed into the park with the certainty that he didn't care whom he met. He got upon the grass and made his way to the southern district, and when he reached the Row he dropped into a chair, rather tired, to watch the capering procession of riders. He watched it with rather a lustreless eye, for what he seemed mainly to extract from it was a vivification of his disappointment. He had had a hope that he should not be forced to leave London without inducing Mary Gosselin to ride with him; but that prospect failed, for what he had accomplished in the British Museum was the determination to go to Paris. He tried to think of the attractions supposed to be evoked by that name, and while he was so engaged he recognised that a gentleman on horseback, close to the barrier of the Row, was making a sign to him. The gentleman was Lord Beauprey, who had pulled up his horse and whose sign the young American lost no time in obeying. He went forward to speak to his late host, but during the instant of the transit he was able both to observe that Mary Gosselin was not in sight and to ask himself why she was not. She rode with her brother; why then didn't she ride with her future husband? It was singular, at such a moment, to see her future husband disporting himself alone. This personage conversed a few moments with Boston-Brown, said it was too hot to ride, but that he ought to be mounted (*he* would give him a mount if he liked); and was on the point of turning away when his interlocutor succumbed to the temptation to put his modesty to the test.

"Good-bye, but let me congratulate you first," said Boston-Brown.

"Congratulate me? On what?" His look, his tone, were very much what Mary Gosselin's had been.

"Why, on your engagement. Haven't you heard of it?"

Lord Beauprey stared a moment, while his horse shifted uneasily. Then he laughed and said: "Which of them do you mean?"

"There's only one I know anything about. To Miss Gosselin," Brown added, after a puzzled pause.

"Oh yes, I see,—thanks so much!" With this, letting his horse go, Lord Beauprey broke off, while Boston-Brown stood looking after him and saying to himself that perhaps he didn't know. The chapter of English oddities was long.

But on the morrow the announcement was in *The Morning Post*, and that surely made it authentic. It was doubtless only superficially singular that Guy Firminger should have found himself unable to achieve a call in Chester Street until this journal had been for several hours in circulation. He appeared there just before luncheon, and the first person who received him was Mrs. Gosselin. He had always liked her and always thought her, in her noiseless, lurking way (quite apart from affection, for one didn't necessarily love people for their ability), one of the cleverest women he had met; but he was, on this occasion, more than ever struck with her good-humoured acuteness, her independent wisdom.

"I knew what you wanted, I knew what you needed, I knew the subject on which you had pressed her," the good lady said; "and after Sunday I found myself really haunted with your dangers. There was danger in the air at Bosco, in your own defended house; it seemed to me too monstrous. I said to myself, 'We can help him, poor dear, and we must. It's the least one can do for so old and so good a friend.' I decided what to do; I simply put this other story about.

In London news travels fast. I knew that Mary pitied you, really, as much as I do, and that what she saw at Bosco had been a kind of revelation,—had, at any rate, brought your situation home to her. Yet of course she would be shy about saying out, for herself: 'Here I am,—I'll do what you want.' The thing was for me to say it *for* her; so I said it first to that chattering American. He repeated it to several others, and there you are! I just forced her hand a little, but it's all right. All she has to do is not to contradict it. It won't be any trouble and you'll be comfortable. That will be our reward!" smiled Mrs. Gosselin.

"Yes, all she has to do is not to contradict it," Lord Beauprey replied, musing a moment. "It won't be any trouble," he added, "and I *hope* I shall be comfortable." He thanked Mrs. Gosselin formally and liberally, and expressed all his impatience to assure Mary herself of his deep obligation to her; upon which his hostess promised to send her daughter to him on the instant; she would go and call her, so that they might be alone. Before Mrs. Gosselin left him, however, she touched on one or two points that had their little importance. Guy Firminger had asked for Hugh, but Hugh had gone to the City, and his mother mentioned, candidly, that he didn't like the arrangement. She even disclosed his reason; he thought there was a want of dignity in it. Lord Beauprey stared at this and, after a moment, exclaimed: "Dignity? Dignity be hanged! One must save one's life!"

"Yes, but one mustn't always save the life of another: that's what poor Hugh seems to think. But do you know what I said to him?" Mrs. Gosselin continued.

"Something very clever, I've no doubt."

"That if *we* were drowning you'd be the very first to jump in. And we may fall overboard yet!" Fidgeting there with his hands in his pockets,

Lord Beauprey gave a laugh at this, but assured her that there was nothing in the world for which they mightn't count upon him. None the less she just permitted herself another warning, a warning, it is true, that was in his own interest, a reminder of a peril that he ought beforehand to look in the face. Wasn't there always the chance, —just the bare chance—that a girl in Mary's position would, in the event, decline to let him off, decline to release him even on the day he should wish to marry? She wasn't speaking of Mary, but there were of course girls who would play him that trick. Guy Firminger considered this contingency; then he declared that it wasn't a question of 'girls,' it was simply a question of Mary. If *she* should wish to hold him, so much the better; he would do anything in the world that she wanted. "Don't let us speak of such vulgarities; but I had it on my conscience!" Mrs. Gosselin terminated.

She left him, but at the end of three minutes Mary came in, and the first thing she said was: "Before you speak a word, please understand this, that it's wholly mamma's doing. I hadn't dreamed of it, but she suddenly began to tell people."

"It was charming of her, and it's charming of you!" the visitor cried.

"It's not charming of any one, I think," said Mary Gosselin, looking at the carpet. "It's simply idiotic."

"Oh, I say! It will be tremendous fun."

"I've only consented because mamma says we owe it to you," the girl went on.

"Never mind your reason,—the end justifies the means. I can never thank you enough nor tell you what a weight it lifts off my shoulders. Do you know I feel the difference already? —a peace that passeth understanding!" Mary replied that this was childish; how could such a feeble fiction last? At the very best it could live but an hour, and then he would be no better off than before. It

would bristle moreover with difficulties and absurdities; it would be so much more trouble than it was worth. She reminded him that so ridiculous a service had never been asked of any girl, and at this he seemed a little struck; he said: "Ah, well, if it's positively disagreeable to you we'll instantly drop the idea. But I —I thought you really liked me enough —!" She turned away impatiently, and he went on to argue imperturbably that she had always treated him in the kindest way in the world. He added that the worst was over, the start, they were off; the thing would be in all the evening papers. Wasn't it much simpler to accept it? That was all they would have to do; and all *she* would have to do would be not to contradict it and to smile and thank people when she was congratulated. She would have to *act* a little, but that would just be part of the fun. Oh, he hadn't the shadow of a scruple about taking the world in; the world deserved it richly, and she couldn't deny that this was what she had felt for him, that she had really been moved to compassion. He grew eloquent and charged her with having recognised in his predicament a genuine motive for charity. Their little plot would last while it could, —it would be a part of their amusement to *make* it last. Even if it should be short-lived there would have been always so much gained. But they would be ingenious, they would find ways, they would have no end of sport.

"You must be ingenious, I can't," said Mary. "If people scarcely ever see us together, they'll guess we're trying to humbug them."

"But they *will* see us together. We *are* together. We've been together,—I mean we've seen a lot of each other —all our lives."

"Ah, not *that* way!"

"Oh, trust me to carry it off!" cried the young man, whose imagination had now evidently begun to glow in the air of their pious fraud.

"You'll find it a dreadful bore," said Mary Gosselin.

"Then I'll drop it, don't you see? And *you'll* drop it, of course, the moment *you've* had enough," Lord Beauprey punctually added. "But as soon as you begin to realise what a lot of good you do me you won't want to drop it. That is if you're what I take you for!" laughed his lordship.

If a third person had been present at this conversation,—and there was nothing in it, surely, that might not have been spoken before a trusty listener—that person would perhaps have thought, from the immediate expression of Mary Gosselin's face, that she was on the point of exclaiming, "You take me for a perfect fool!" No such ungracious words in fact, however, passed her lips; she only said, after an instant: "What reason do you propose to give, on the day you need one, for our rupture?"

Her interlocutor stared. "To you, do you mean?"

"I sha'n't ask you for one. I mean to other people."

"Oh, I'll tell them you're sick of me. I'll put everything on you, and you'll put everything on me."

"You *have* worked it out!" Mary exclaimed.

"Oh, I shall be intensely considerate."

"Do you call that being considerate, —publicly accusing me?"

Guy Firminger stared again. "Why, isn't that the reason *you'll* give?"

She looked at him an instant. "I won't tell you the reason I shall give."

"Oh, I shall learn it from others."

"I hope you'll like it when you do!" said Mary, with sudden gaiety; and she added frankly, but kindly, the hope that he might soon light upon some young person who would really take his fancy. He replied that he shouldn't be in a hurry,—that was now just the comfort; and she, as if thinking over to the end the list of arguments against his clumsy contrivance, broke out: "And of course you mustn't dream of giving me anything,—any tokens or presents."

"Then it won't look natural."

"That's exactly what I say. You can't make it deceive anybody."

"I *must* give you something,—something that people can see. You can simply put it away after a little and give it back." But about this Mary was visibly serious; she declared that she wouldn't touch anything that came from his hand, and she spoke in such a tone that he coloured a little and hastened to say: "Oh, all right, I shall be thoroughly careful!" This appeared to complete their understanding; so that after it was settled that for the deluded world they *were* engaged, there was obviously nothing for him to do but to go. He therefore shook hands with her very gratefully and departed.

HENRY JAMES.

(To be continued.)

## THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE.

IF the famous "Newcastle Programme" is not destined to be carried out in our time, it has at least provided subjects for a good deal of talk in the House of Commons. Some of this talk has been quite harmless, and a little of it decidedly interesting. The Eight Hours question, the Payment of Members of Parliament, the Repeal of the Septennial Act, the Compulsory Purchase of Land for Small Allotments,—these and other topics which are believed to be uppermost in the minds of the great British public have been brought forward, and they have served the purpose of keeping the dangerous controversy over Home Rule in the background. Anything is more acceptable to the true Gladstonian as a theme of discussion than that. For this very reason, no doubt, Mr. Blane has arranged that the whole subject shall be raised in solemn debate on the 6th of this present month of May, in order that the mystery which surrounds it may be dispelled, and that Mr. Gladstone or some one on his behalf may explain how much or how little is meant by what is at present but an empty phrase. Mr. Blane is one of your "self-made men"; a tailor by "profession," and a devoted follower of the late Mr. Parnell. As a speaker he rarely fails to afford the House rather more than his fair share of amusement, although he does not start out with any such intention. Whether Mr. Parnell ever spoke to him or not may perhaps be doubted; as a rule, the Irish leader did not select the Blanes of the party for his companionship or his confidence. All the more touching is Mr. Blane's devotion to the memory of his chief. He is one of the Old Guard, who maintain that Mr. Gladstone slew Mr. Parnell by a treacherous stab, and who nourish a desperate hope

of wreaking a signal revenge. This is the secret of the "demonstration" which is to be made in the early days of May, unless the Government steps in and swallows up all the nights allotted to Private Members. It may be that Mr. Balfour will not think it expedient thus to interpose between Mr. Blane and Mr. Gladstone. The combatants are not quite equally matched, but there are other Parnellites in reserve, and if they have made up their minds to force Mr. Gladstone's hand and to insist on explanations which he cannot give with any regard to safety, or even to prudence, an evening's entertainment will be provided which ought on no account to be missed. All the more interest will attach to it from the fact that this has so far been Mr. Gladstone's Session. Since his return from the Continent he has been monarch of all he surveyed. The sprightliness of his youth has returned, his voice has recovered something of its pristine freshness, his incomparable way of putting things has never been more brilliantly displayed. All his colleagues dwindle down to the size of dwarfs by his side, and the Ministry show to no better advantage. And yet in spite of his undeniable supremacy, the strange phenomenon to which I have already called attention has again been visible,—that is to say, a large section of his own followers have refused to obey him, or even to take his advice in a moment of difficulty. This is a sign of the times which is fraught with significance to those who are attempting to make a forecast of the future of parties.

I was present in the House when the memorable Home Rule Bill of 1886 was introduced, and a very wonderful sight it was which then met the Stranger's eye. The whole of

the floor of the House was filled up with chairs, through which the Speaker had to thread his way when he first entered with the Sergeant-at-Arms and the Chaplain. Since that time I do not think I have seen the House so full as it was on the 7th of April. All the galleries were crowded, the Peers occupied every inch of the space set aside for them, and the Commons were driven to the side galleries, or were compelled to sit on the floor in the passages which are known as the gangways. Of course, in the absence of some special measure of uncommon importance, only one thing could have brought so large an assembly together,—the prospect of a scene or of a “personal explanation.” The House, in truth, was about to vindicate its dignity, and it must be sorrowfully confessed that it never appears to less advantage than when it is engaged in work of that kind. There must be a debate, and it is sure to fall into the hands of some group of Members who take much greater delight in bringing Parliamentary institutions into ridicule and contempt than in elevating them in the view of mankind. The bores and twaddlers who have no conception of their own insignificance and folly will insist on forcing themselves to the front, and when there they do their best to turn the proceedings into a farce. So it fell out on the occasion in question. Certain persons had been guilty of an undoubted breach of privilege, their offence was clear, and they might have been suitably dealt with and dismissed within the compass of an hour. But from five o’clock in the afternoon till after midnight the stream of muddy verbiage crept along, amid many brawls and not a little sheer imbecility. The offenders outside knew all the while that nothing very serious was to happen to them, and they laughed in their sleeves at the judges who were squabbling over their case. Mr. Gladstone, at a comparatively early period of the afternoon, made a speech in which he put the House on the right track, and had the

course he recommended been taken then and there, the whole proceedings would have been brought to an end, and the “dignity of the House” would have been preserved. It was not the fault of the Conservatives that this did not happen; it was owing entirely to Mr. Gladstone’s own followers. In former days no one would have risen after him, so thoroughly had he disposed of the whole business. The Radicals could not see it. They insisted upon taking divisions in direct conflict with Mr. Gladstone’s views; some of them even lectured him upon his presumption in offering them advice. And these are the materials which he expects to find pliable in his hands whenever he comes back to power! Verily there are persons who “dream dreams” besides Mr. Morley’s young men. Here was the great leader who is supposed to be the object of the enthusiastic devotion of the “regenerated” Liberal party, proving by a conclusive argument, and by the production of precedents, that a certain course which he pointed out was the proper one to take. He was instantly contradicted and opposed by such men as Mr. Cremer, Mr. Cunningham-Graham, Mr. Channing, and Mr. Conybeare. And upon the test division, 136 of his so-called followers voted against him. This is the party which is going to give peace, unity, and brotherly love to the whole country whenever it comes back to power. Mr. Gladstone himself has the gift of being able to shut his eyes to the difficulties of the future. One of his trusted lieutenants whom I happen to know said to me on the night of this new mutiny: “We may beat the Tories at the next election, but our worst enemies are in our own ranks. How are we going to beat them?”—a question altogether too hard for an unsophisticated Stranger to determine.

Apart from these troublesome problems, there have been some really good debates during the past month, and the best qualities of the House of Commons were displayed on more

than one occasion. The Conservatives have returned to their work in considerable numbers, and Mr. Balfour stands as well as ever he did in their estimation. He has acquired confidence and firmness, and made some very effective speeches. The way in which he disposed of Mr. Timothy Healy the evening before the adjournment for the Easter holidays will not soon be forgotten. He has managed to get through his ordinary work almost without attracting attention, and that is a sure mark of success. Thus far he has physically withstood the wear and tear of his laborious post remarkably well, although he sometimes shows signs of great fatigue; and no wonder, considering what he has to do. He must attend to all sorts of complicated questions which necessarily arise in connection with the management of his party; he must direct the general course of business in the House of Commons, settle the rival claims of candidates for particular constituencies, smooth down discontent, and what must be almost worse than all, go out to dinner, sometimes for the purpose of making a long speech, on his only spare evenings. A man in his position would probably gladly give up half his salary to have his Wednesday and Saturday evenings left absolutely at his own disposal. But in these times there is no rest by day or night for the leader of the House of Commons. If he can get a part of Sunday to himself he may be duly thankful. The chief Whip wishes to consult him at all hours, and members of his own party who have a grievance will not rest satisfied until they have brought it under his special notice. Mr. Smith used to reply to all these letters with his own hand; it is to be hoped that Mr. Balfour calls more freely into exercise the type-writer and the private secretary. I recollect a rather foolish and fussy member of the House saying to me, "I have told old Smith my opinions, I have given him a piece of my mind." A few days afterwards

he showed me a long letter which Mr. Smith had written in reply, and I was astonished at the trouble the leader had taken to please a mere feather-head. But in our days, if one may quote a homely proverb, Jack is as good as his master. It is not safe to run the risk of offending anybody. Many people wonder how this Minister or the other, persons of notoriously slender qualifications for office, manage to get along so well as they do. The secret is that they studiously keep on good terms with everybody. They never snub, never indulge in sarcasms, never wound anybody's vanity. Whenever it is worth their while to do so, they will pour the sweet oil of flattery on the head and down the beard of friend or foe. In this way a very commonplace man not only gets through his period of office with credit, but is very likely at the end of it to find himself with the reputation of a great statesman. If any one were to place before me the list of the present Ministry, I think I could mark off at least half a dozen names of men whose appointment to office has been a subject of the most profound astonishment to all who know them, or who have been brought into any kind of association with them. They have kept out of scrapes by being ever ready to prostrate themselves before anybody who is likely to be dangerous. They very carefully nurse the Press, and feed the reporters outside with scraps of news. They are not all in the House of Commons, mark you; but the House of Lords is far too august a body for me to criticise. Let a man but once set his foot in the magic circle of Office, and it will be his own fault if he ever finds himself outside it again. He may not be able to scramble into a peerage, with one of the chief offices of State attached to it, but he will get a good place, and be able to do something now and then for his relations. A *Handbook to Office*, written by a competent hand, and with examples from the Administrations of the last twenty years, would

be an exceedingly curious volume to us who are still living, and prove of incalculable value to the historian who is to come after us. But the author would have to know his way through so many labyrinths and be acquainted with so many ramifications of personal history, and the ins and outs of such numerous appointments at home and abroad, that a man of such attainments could scarcely fail to be singled out for some preferment himself long before he had got through his task.

We know, however, that all the crooked places will be made straight when Members of Parliament are paid for their services. That was proved not long ago by Mr. Fenwick, who presents in his own case an excellent example of a working-man who is a paid Member, though paid by a Trades' Union and not by the Treasury. The ablest and most respected of all these "working-men Members" is Mr. Burt, the representative of Morpeth. Almost any system would be worth adopting which filled the House of Commons with such men as Mr. Burt. But they are not over numerous in any rank of life, and it does not follow that if we were to go down into a coal-pit to find them we should invariably be successful. Mr. Burt is no orator, indeed, his strong Northumbrian accent sometimes makes it rather difficult to follow him. But he is the very embodiment of sterling honesty and common sense, utterly incapable of political shuffling or of sacrificing even the least of his convictions from any motive of self-interest. I count myself peculiarly fortunate when I chance to be in the House while Mr. Burt is speaking, but I need scarcely add that Mr. Burt, being what I have said, very seldom makes a speech. He generally occupies a humble back seat and listens to the self-constituted champions of labour, like Mr. Cunninghame Graham who have determined to make this field peculiarly their own. The House is never unwilling to listen to Mr.

Graham, not by any means because of the weight it attaches to his opinions, but on account of the eccentric flavour he contrives to impart to anything he has to say. He has what people call "individuality," and he is carefully made up and dressed for the part he has to play. He is the gentleman who so valiantly led the mob in Trafalgar Square on a memorable occasion, who succeeded, after several futile efforts, in getting his head broken, and who retired to heal it in the secure recesses of Pentonville prison. He is the sworn enemy of "capital." When some one a little while ago was remarking in the House that labour and capital ought to be friends, Mr. Graham indignantly shouted "No!" for his infallible plan for settling all phases of labour difficulties is that eternal war should be waged against capital. The genuine labour representatives in the House do not take up this position; perhaps because they are not, like Mr. Graham, large landowners and capitalists. In the official account of Members of Parliament which is supplied mainly by themselves, Mr. Graham is careful the world should be informed that he comes on his mother's side from the sister of a Baron and the daughter of an Admiral, a capital pedigree for a wealthy Socialist. It is also incidentally mentioned that he succeeded to the estates of Gallnigad, Gartmore, and Ardoch, not a single one of which has yet been given up to the special purposes and uses of the labouring classes. Mr. Graham describes himself as a "Socialist," but he is evidently not quite prepared to "live the life." Labour and capital must always be in conflict, but Mr. Graham has judiciously made up his mind to hold fast to the capital. It is far pleasanter to be poor in theory than in reality. This is the difference between Mr. Graham and Mr. Burt. The latter began life as a miner, and has a practical knowledge of every side of the labour question. That is why the House listens to him with profound attention and respect. It will also

listen to a *farceur*, but not exactly in the same spirit. As a matter of fact, labour is very strongly represented in the House of Commons, if not in point of numbers, certainly in ability. Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Wilson are both men of considerable intellectual power; both were working colliers. Mr. Howell is a good writer as well as a good speaker, and a man who has had the courage to risk a quarrel with Trades' Unions and with his constituents when he believed that he was right and they were wrong. He was a working bricklayer. Will anyone who knows the House allege that the most respectful hearing is not always accorded to these Members, or that "capital," even in the person of Mr. Graham, has any advantage over them in that Chamber? I am sure the labour representatives themselves would not put forward any such complaint.

Most of the discussions to which I have referred ended in nothing. The Septennial Act has not been repealed, and Members of Parliament will have to wait some time yet before they are called upon to take pay for their services whether they want it or not. One can with difficulty imagine a new Parliament coming together and decreeing its own extinction in three years. That would be a triumph of principle over self-interest such as history has seldom recorded, and I gathered from the recent debate that the Gladstonians are scarcely prepared to make the requisite sacrifice. Yet somebody must begin. The Septennial Act can never be repealed without one party or another voluntarily abridging its term of power. The fatal stroke might no doubt be reserved for the concluding days of a Parliament, but the party which expected to come in at the next election would have many compunctions about making up their minds to vote for the measure. There is a good deal of "make-believe" in all these debates on proposals which involve an entire change in the present Parliamentary system. Even Mr. Henry Fowler, who is one of the most prac-

tical men on the Gladstonian side, could not conceal this fact when he was speaking on the Septennial Act. He is far too strong a partisan to be willing to give the Tories a chance of recovering power at the expiration of three years when he might keep them out for six or seven. Mr. Fowler will probably be Chancellor of the Exchequer some day, and he will then clearly perceive that it is for the good of his country that he should remain in office as long as possible.

There is always one afternoon and evening in the course of every Session when the House becomes intensely business-like, and that is when the Budget is produced. But I have never seen so scanty or so listless an audience on such an occasion as that which assembled just before the adjournment for Easter. Mr. Goschen may be one of the ablest financiers that ever lived, but he has not the art of making his Budgets interesting, or of holding the attention of his hearers. He is excessively diffuse, he dwells too long on some favourite point of his own, he frequently loses himself amid the vast array of statistics which it is needful to present. Thus it happened last month that the House was more than half empty when he began his speech, and it kept continually thinning out until he sat down. In vain he tried to arrest this slow but incessant movement towards the doors by attempts to be light and jocose, and by rhetorical flourishes which inevitably seem out of place in a statement of facts and figures, unless they are introduced by the hand of a master. The "decorative arts," either of literature or eloquence, do not harmonise well with an explanation of the way in which it is proposed to make receipts balance expenditure. I noticed a smile on many faces when Mr. Goschen opened his Budget with these words:—"Sir, it frequently happens that when a traveller finds himself in a mountainous country, and is ascending slowly, he fancies that the point he sees above him is the highest part

of the hill, only to find that when he has reached it it is not the top, and that he has still further slopes to climb." A very young man might be excused for beginning a speech in this way, but the House had not anticipated it from Mr. Goschen, and he was made to feel that he had struck the wrong keynote. It is strange how easy it is for an old stager to fall into mistakes of this kind. Having to mention the fact that the receipts from the duty on rum had fallen off, Mr. Goschen said, in his most solemn tones (and they are indescribably solemn) "Rum topped first—brandy followed suit—beer hung fire," and so on. The audience still kept diminishing, until at one time there were not above a hundred Members in the House, an unprecedented occurrence on a Budget night. The lack of interest, however, was in part caused by the fact that it early became evident Mr. Goschen would have no important secrets to reveal. His surplus was too small to permit of any reduction of taxation, and no Chancellor of the Exchequer in his senses would venture to impose new taxes on the eve of a general election. The whole story might easily have been told in half an hour, but that would not have come up to the standard of a Budget speech. In December, 1852, Mr. Disraeli spoke for five hours and a quarter in introducing his Budget, and Mr. Gladstone has fully equalled, if he has not eclipsed, that record. Some day a Chancellor of the Exchequer will arise who will be content to frame his statement on much more modest lines, and with a view to putting all the material facts into as short a compass as possible. It will be found that when the House of Commons gets over its surprise, it will welcome the change.

And now the heads of the Ministry must soon make up their minds when the great and decisive appeal to the country shall be made. Their own followers are beginning to cry out for it, fearing that if it be too long post-

poned the autumn holidays will vanish into thin air. To keep the House hard at work through the months of July and August, and then to fling the jaded Members into the whirlpool of a Dissolution, would be most unwise, and probably most disastrous. For not only have a great many Conservatives given up public life, but many more are anxious to do so, and are restrained from a feeling of loyalty to their constituents or to their party. Why is this? I ventured to ask a Conservative Member of my acquaintance the other day, and this is what he replied:—"The Conservative Party, my friend, is dead and gone. Why should I, who have been in Parliament upwards of thirty years, come down here night after night to vote for measures which are in direct conflict with all the principles I have been professing, with the sanction and encouragement of our leaders? The revision of judicial rents was denounced by Lord Salisbury himself as a dishonest proposition; yet we were made to vote for it. We have passed a law breaking leases in Ireland and annulling contracts. We are on the point of passing another law which will some day lose us India. We have saddled the country with an expenditure of between two and three millions a year for Free Education, which is destined to break up our Voluntary Schools. These are not Conservative measures. I have had enough of them. That is why I am going out of Parliament. But if anybody should inquire of you if you happen to know the reason, pray tell him it is all on account of my health. I shall make way for a London shopkeeper or a universal provider, and as he will always vote with the Government, which in due time will make him a baronet or a peer, he will be called a better Conservative than I am." And so saying my venerable but melancholy friend went out to refresh himself on the terrace with a breath of Thames air, mixed with a subtle perfume from Doulton's works a little higher up the river.